

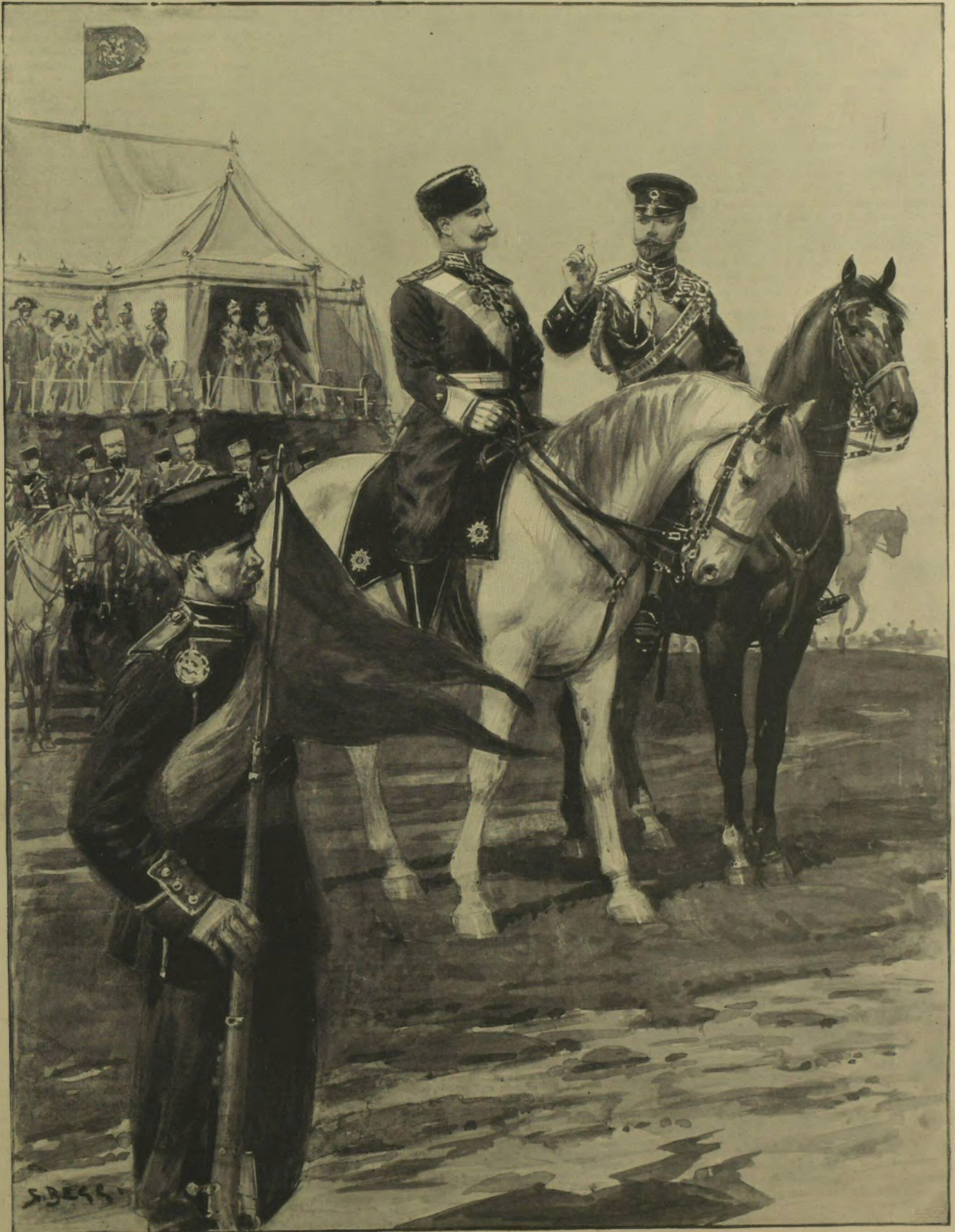
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN RUSSIA: THEIR MAJESTIES WITNESSING THE MILITARY MANOEUVRES AT KRASNOE SELO.—[From a Photograph.]



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The notion of London being empty at any time is, of course, ridiculous; one might just as well say its river is dry because it is not quite so full at the ebb. But in a few of its streets and squares in the middle of August there is certainly a curious air of vacancy. The shops are less frequented, and at the doors of the dwelling-houses are seen persons with pipes in their mouths, as if there was an execution within. This exodus only affects a few thousand people, but if one happens to mix with them and is left behind, how strange is the solitude! The clubs, by combination, manage to muster a few members, though rarely enough for a rubber at whist, and even those are not to be relied on as permanencies; but the Stay-at-home finds himself absolutely deserted.

Hermit never was half so lone

As he who hath fellows but friend not one,

was written of a stranger in London: that is certainly a disagreeable isolation, but is not so complete as that of the man who has been left behind by his fellows. Some of my readers will know what it is, after a long absence, to go to some old friend's house, sure, as he thinks, of the old welcome, and to find it empty save for a caretaker, who tells him "the family's gone abroad." But in the "dull season" the caretaker is everywhere, and all one's friends have departed. The Stay-at-home, indeed, has no such disappointments, because he knows what has happened. Friend after friend has come to take leave of him, having already pruned their wings—or, more prosaically, packed their portmanteaux—for flight, some to America, others to Norway or Switzerland, to Scotland, to Lakeland, or the seaside. It is all the same to the poor Stay-at-home, who must be content to picture them where he, too, would gladly be, but cannot come. His isolation is presently complete, and he finds its best parallel in Nature—

A still, salt pool locked in with bars of sand,

That hears all night

The plunging seas draw backward from the land

Their moon-led waters white.

The Tring "fatality," in which two lovers lost their lives by lightning, is called, I see, "unparalleled." It was certainly sad enough, and beyond all bounds of apprehension. It occurred during some local festivity, and within sight of numerous persons who were taking shelter from a thunderstorm in a tent. Two lovers, whose banns had been published and who were on the eve of matrimony, were so imprudent as to seek refuge under a tree. A great flash of lightning was seen to strike them down simultaneously, and when assistance arrived they were both dead. An identical catastrophe occurred exactly 179 years ago. Once in each century is quite enough of such incidents. Whether the present case will be made the subject of epitaph or not, the other one had plenty of poetical record, for Pope, Gay, and Thomson have all adverted to it. The misfortune happened at Stanton-Harcourt, near Oxford, to John Hewitt and Sarah Drew, a young couple of twenty-five years old, who were to be married in the following week. They were cutting a barley-field, and the bridegroom was "selecting poppies and wildflowers to choose her a hat on the wedding-day." A thunderstorm took place, which drove the other labourers under the hedges, but these two remained in the field, the man covering the girl with heaps of barley to shelter her from the rain. One arm was about her neck and the other held over her, as if for protection, and in this tender attitude the lightning struck them dead. Pope wrote some far-fetched lines ending—

Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleased,  
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

Someone had the courage to tell him (gently) that this was rubbish, and he accordingly composed another epitaph, which is still, one concludes, to be read in the local churchyard—

Virtue unmoved can hear the call,  
And face the flash that melts the ball.

It would seem that an eminently pathetic and abnormal circumstance does not necessarily inspire a poem to match. Thomson's attempt beginning—

Young Celadon  
And his Amelia were a matchless pair,  
Is not much better.

A notice has been given to the congregation of a well-attended church by the Rector that henceforward no coppers will be admitted into the collection-plate. He has probably his reasons, but on the face of it the prohibition seems a little strange. One could understand "No buttons," "No lozenges" (a currency, however, generally confined to collection-bags and the wrapped-up fees of physicians), but why "No coppers"? Among well-to-do folks the least coin devoted to church charity (and one fears the most common one) is the threepenny piece. That is their limit of meanness; brazen though they be, they never descend to bronze. Coppers must be the offerings of the poor, and surely they ought not to be rejected.

One wonders how well-to-do churchgoers excuse their backwardness with respect to the collection-plate. On extraordinary occasions and for a particular purpose, it is true, very large sums are sometimes found there; nor is it, on the other hand, surprising if, when the object is

doubtful—moral pocket-handkerchiefs for the Cannibal Islands, or missions for the conversion of the Jews—even generous persons decline to send good money after bad. But on ordinary occasions, and when the collection is avowedly for the poor, how can anyone with money to spare reconcile it to his conscience to be so economical? What makes the matter more curious, the same people exercise no such grudging beneficence when their charity is appealed to in other ways. The sight of the collection-bag seems to paralyse their liberality, as though Judas himself, instead of the sleekest of churchwardens, carried it. One must confess there is something unpleasant about that bag. The bearer seems always to regard one with suspicious attention; he cannot, indeed, reproach you for what you put into it, but his eye is disagreeably watchful lest you should take anything out of it. I do not know why the "plate" went out of favour with the clergy; one would have thought that it put the congregation on their mettle. Perhaps the continual dropping (which, however, never went away the plate) was objected to. As a boy worshipper I thought it interesting; "There goes half-a-crown, or was it a penny? That was a shilling, and that a common or garden fourpenny piece. (There were no threepennies in those days.) And there, by Jingo! goes half-a-sovereign; I hope it was a good one." Perhaps the most convenient method is to send round a hat. This is adopted in negro congregations; but according to a well-known story, not always with success. It came back to one expectant preacher with absolutely nothing in it. He took the most cheerful view of the matter that was under the circumstances possible, but he did not conceal his opinion of his flock. "Well," he said, "thank Heaven I've got my hat back!"

Prince Henry of Orleans has had his lesson, and one hopes the chastisement he has received will in future restrain the rancour of his pen. It is unfortunate when one's first efforts in journalism turn out to be libels. It is also unlucky for him that he did not choose his own country for the subject of his satire, for royal personages do not, as a rule, fight duels with their own countrymen; *noblesse oblige* has with them a contrary meaning. Nevertheless, the Prince de Condé once fought an officer of his own regiment: the Prince had struck him in a passion, and the other at once sold out, and followed his Royal Highness everywhere. "Do you mean to assassinate me?" was his natural inquiry. "No; but I have a claim to reparation for my injured honour." Then they drew their swords, but directly the blades met together the officer dropped his point and expressed himself satisfied.

The first, and so far as I remember the only, instance of a Prince of the Blood being challenged by a subject was the case of Colonel Lennox, of the Coldstreams, and the Duke of York. The Duke said that certain words had been spoken to the Colonel at Daubigny's Club which no gentleman ought to put up with, but refused to mention the name of his informant, or even to state what were the injurious words. The members of the club were all communicated with, but no one had heard them; still, the Duke would give neither apology nor explanation. Thereupon the Colonel sent him a challenge, and his Royal Highness, waiving the question of rank, accepted it. They met on Wimbledon Common. The Colonel fired and "grazed the Duke's curl," but the Duke did not fire. Then the seconds came up and suggested that he should say he considered the Colonel a man of honour. The Duke, who appears to have been as obstinate as he was intrepid, replied he should say nothing of the kind, and that his adversary "might have another shot at him if he pleased." And so they parted without the mutual "satisfaction" that is said to be derived from duels.

In connection with the remarks in the "Note Book" concerning the shipwreck off Rodrigues, a correspondent writes that I am mistaken in supposing it was the first time a doctor had made his diagnosis through a binocular—

Some twenty years ago I was engineer of a British steamer; we cleared from Genoa for Malaga. Arriving at Malaga we were put in quarantine and sent to Port Mahon, Majorca, to do it.

At Port Mahon the whole ship's company had to go ashore every morning in the ship's boats and range themselves along a wall about four feet high; facing to the wall, a strip of ground about five yards across intervened between a similar wall on the opposite side, and at the other side of the further wall the medical officer of quarantine marched up and down, scanning our faces through a binocular. All went well with us until the night of the tenth day, when the second mate was taken very ill with cholera symptoms. We very anxiously tended him through the night and by early morning he was a little better, but very weak and very ghastly. Had the matter become known to the authorities, our quarantine would have been indefinitely extended, so we fitted him up with brandy, and as artistically as we knew how painted his face with vermilion, and he managed to make a struggle to walk the few paces from the boat to the wall; of course we crowded up as much as we dared, and the captain and myself, both very tall men, managed to sustain him without rendering our help actually visible, and when at the wall jammed ourselves one on each side of him to keep him up. Our hearts were in our boots while the Medico was gazing through his binocular, but luck served us, and we got through all right and obtained *pratique*, and duly arrived in Malaga with a clean bill of health; our poor second mate, being carefully nursed, recovered in a few days, and was able to laugh with the rest of us at the way the doctor had been tricked.

One has read many stories of precocity—of the marvellous boy "who perished in his pride," and of the other

one who, after making love (not "cupboard") to his nurse, "died a dotard at five"; and of others who have not so ended, but turned out quite commonplace and respectable men. Boys are quite as precocious as ever, which seems unnecessary, since we are told, thanks to sanitary science, that we live longer than of old, so that there is no such need to anticipate matters. Only the other day a young gentleman of fourteen ran away with a young lady of thirteen, though, having only three-and-sixpence between them, their honeymoon was a brief one. In certain suburbs in London there are "robbers' caves," much more comfortable than usual, being unlet houses, in which dwell youthful brigands, bound by oath to secrecy and fidelity. Their career is generally brief but voluptuous, as they cannot resist cheap sweets. The captains of these gangs remind one of Simon Tappertit, the regulations they impose upon their followers being of the strictest kind, and the language in which they are couched most sanguinary. These things are not borrowed, as is supposed, from the penny novelettes, but have been in vogue in melodramatic circles for generations. Even juvenile crime, however, moves with the time. "Captain Brown," of the "Royal Order of Rovers," aged fifteen, while making its record as regards success, has brought his system quite up to date. Not for him the burglary in miniature or the duodecimo highway robbery; his methods were essentially modern, and are to be read in his private memoranda (for he, too, had a "Note Book"). There were minutes of meetings in which officers were made and members of the Order elected; entries of "a good day's work," and "nothing done"; but the business to which he personally devoted himself was the "lifting" of portmanteaux from railway stations. At his residence have been found portmanteaux sufficient to stock a shop. "These were stacked one upon another in two apartments, and, by the aid of cretonne and baize, were made to resemble so many dressing-tables, on which were strewn brushes, combs, and razors (!), and everything appertaining to the toilette." When this property was seized, the Captain himself was at Dover, yachting, with a pair of stolen binoculars slung over his shoulders. When arrested by the officers of justice, he exclaimed, "This is preposterous!"

It is many years since the author of "George Geith" made her reputation. She was perhaps the first novelist who made commercial matters the subject of a story, though the Stock Exchange is now as common a subject for a romance as any other. In her latest work, "Did He Deserve It?" there is a good deal more "business" than most lady writers would venture upon, but it is chiefly confined to that between publishers and authors. How much or how little is drawn from her own experience we cannot tell, but it is obvious that she knows what she is writing about. There is not the least attempt at idealising, nor does she take either the optimist or pessimist view of a literary life. She describes it probably very much as it is, as regards, at all events, the ordinary members of the literary calling who have no successes, and only just contrive to keep their heads above water. Mr. Moucell, whom we may consider to be the hero—though he is very unlike one—is a literary hack. He is clever, and can write on most subjects with fatal facility; like Becky Sharp, he would have been an excellent person had he been well off, but the bringing up of a large family on the scanty proceeds of his pen has embittered him. He is "reader" to a well-known firm of publishers, and it is rare and pleasant to find persons of that calling so agreeably described. The advice he gives to them as regards the treatment of authors is noteworthy—

"If I were a publisher [he says], when I got a good author I should take him to my heart, I should praise him, I should pet him; when he came to me my talk should be all of his greatness, not of the great doings of Mr. Somebody Else; I should try to make him feel he was the person of most importance in creation instead of a useless devil who might just as well, and better, never have been created at all.

"Publishers get hold of a good author, and then they at once begin to depress him. They are so much afraid prosperity may make the man vainglorious that they think it right to keep him low, like a weaned child."

The publisher, though a genial fellow, is of a different opinion—

"As for petting and praising an author and taking him to our bosom, shall I tell you what would happen when we had made such idols of ourselves?"

"If you please."

"He would go to the first man who bid twenty pounds more than we knew him to be worth."

There is a great deal of common sense in both these views. Authors like praise almost as much as pudding, and hate to be depressed. No wise publisher will ever thus depress his author. On the other hand, it is, unhappily, too true that in these days there is little of that loyal feeling, even between the best specimens of both classes, that used formerly to exist. To persons interested in the literary calling this novel will be welcome. Nor is the love-story that runs through it at all to be despised. What gives it great originality is that, like the rest of the book, it is founded on "saving common sense." Mr. Moucell is a capital creation; despite his little failings, we think he does deserve the prosperity that befalls him, though his views upon the relations between authors and publishers alter very disappointingly when he becomes a publisher himself.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN RUSSIA.

On Sunday, Aug. 8, the Emperor William II. and his consort visited the city of St. Petersburg, having already been received by the Czar Nicholas II. and the Czarina as their guests at the Palace of Peterhof, on the shores of the bay outside the mouth of the Neva, where they first landed on their arrival from Kiel. Their Imperial Majesties went immediately to the Cathedral Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the fortress of that name, to show their reverence for the tombs of the Czars, especially that of the late Czar Alexander III., and to deposit there two superb funeral wreaths brought from Berlin. After this, repairing to the Palace of the Civic Municipality, they were greeted by the Chief Burgomaster, M. Ratkoff Roshnoff, who handed to them, on a silver dish, the Russian customary offering, bread and salt, in token of hospitality, with an address of welcome, to which the German Emperor replied. The illustrious visitors next entered the Czar's Winter Palace, and there held a reception of all the foreign Ambassadors residing in St. Petersburg, with other high officials. At a quarter to six in the afternoon they left the city for the neighbouring Palace of Krasnoe Selo, where they were again met by their Imperial host and hostess, the Czar and Czarina, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia. A review of the troops was held at that place, besides the festivities of the Court.

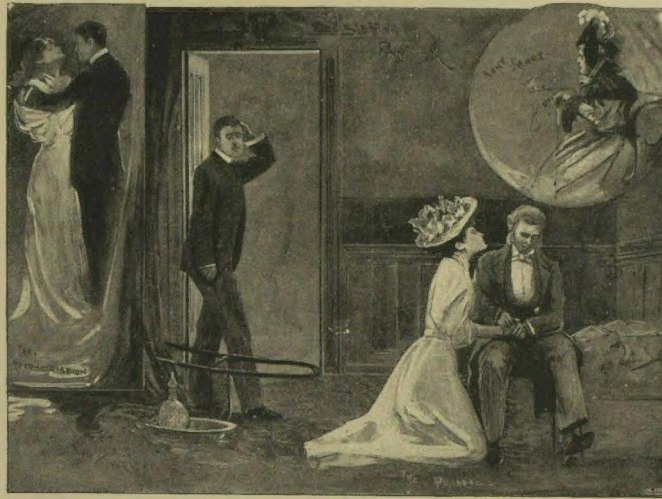
## THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELD.

The latest reports from the passes leading to the Yukon River state that more than six thousand persons are on the road thither, of whom scarcely half will be able to cross the mountain ranges before winter; every route will then become impassable, and there will be much suffering from the want both of shelter and of food. The passes referred to are those of the Taku and Chilkoot, which are practically useless for transport purposes, and the White Pass, where a road now being constructed will be open in the spring of next year. Dyce, to the west of Scagway Bay, on the coast of Alaska, will also be available for the approach to Klondike. The country does not itself produce any article of food; all provisions must be imported, and if the hasty concourse of immigrants be not checked, there will be great danger of famine in the winter months. Some of the old and experienced miners, who have laboured with success in this region, are now turning back, alarmed at the prospect of misery likely to be caused by the multitude of unprovided newcomers. The United States Government has published an official warning at San Francisco, but in British Columbia, which is the route for Canadian adventurers, their passage has been so profitable to many traders and owners of conveyances that official measures of precaution are still delayed.

## THE PRISON AT TANGIER.

Visitors to the picturesque town of Tangier will remember the great prison which adjoins the walls of the citadel known as the Kasbah. The Moorish authorities of old had good faith in the stoutness of the prison walls and barriers and the strength of the police force, ever on guard, for

they made their chief place of durance close to the Treasury. A curious feature of the Tangier prison regulations is that visitors whose interest has been aroused by a glimpse of the prisoners, gained through a small aperture in the wall, may purchase some of the goods in the making of which the jail-birds are constantly employed. Most of these articles are made of straw and rushes, and take the form of various



"THE SLEEPING PARTNER," THE NEW PLAY AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

household utensils, toys, and ornaments. The sight of prisoners employed on work of this kind is a familiar one to travellers in Morocco, most malefactors being compelled to defray the cost of their keep by their industry.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE SLEEPING PARTNER," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

The idea involved in "The Sleeping Partner" is one of the oldest in farce, but it is a matter of such common experience that the play has been acceptable in several forms. It has been based by Miss Martha Morton on a German play, and under the title "His Wife's Father" has proved a great success in America. Mr. Fred Terry was so taken with it that he purchased it, and has now introduced it as "The Sleeping Partner," under Mr.

lover, this being worked out by two sets of *dramatis personæ* pursuing contrary principles. On the one hand we have the old City gentleman, Henry Bassett, giving his daughter in marriage to young John Temple, whom he makes his sole partner in business. But he cannot leave the young people alone. He makes them live in his house; he arranges everything, until the young man breaks out in revolt, only to see the wife side with her father. On the

other hand we have Mrs. Torrington, the widow, who has supported her daughter by turning florist, resolved to vanish when the daughter's sweetheart, a foolish snob, objects to her business. The double difficulty is solved by the lonely Bassett marrying Mrs. Torrington. The hit of the play is made by Mr. James Welch, whose study of the old father is remarkably life-like and pathetic in an odd humorous way. Miss Lena Ashwell is admirably equipped to play the part of his daughter, which demands that touch of the woman with a rather petty grievance which she has made peculiarly her own. Mr. Fred Terry as her husband fills a difficult part with great tact. Miss Ffolliott Paget is delightful as Mrs. Torrington, and Miss Audrey Ford shows great signs of improving in her art as the daughter. A pretty play, hesitating constantly between farce and comedy, yet conceived with real humour, "The Sleeping Partner" made the first night's audience ripple with merriment.

## "HAMLET," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

For the last two nights of his first season at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree revived "Hamlet," in which he had not been seen in London for a considerable period. To-day, as of yore, Mr. Tree's performance of one of the most difficult parts in the whole range of drama is eminently picturesque and interesting. It rises to no passionate heights, for it is sentimental and pathetic rather than tragic, but it is very human and intelligible. It remains in all essentials what it was at the outset, peculiarly modern, but in this, doubtless, lies the secret of its appeal to modern audiences. Mrs. Tree played Ophelia, as before, with a delicate but most convincing pathos. The intensity of her mad-scene was quite thrilling, yet without a touch of exaggeration. Mr. Lewis Waller made a vigorous and impressive Laertes. If Laertes for once seemed a little out of the picture, it was only because he belonged to a less highly civilised court than the Hamlet and Ophelia of this particular production. Mr. Otho Stuart was a subdued but sympathetic Horatio, and Mr. Holman Clark gave sufficient effect to the senile humours of Polonius. It was curious, however, to see how little humour that clever comedian, Mr. Lionel Brough, seemed to find in the part of the First Gravedigger. The remainder of the cast gave rather weak support to the principals. The graveyard scene was as beautiful as in Mr. Tree's original revival of the play, and Mr. George Henschel's music was once more an attractive feature of the production. But the play was taken too slowly throughout, the company following the lead of their manager, and this fault is the less to be condoned seeing that Mr. Tree's acting version is distinguished by liberal omissions in the interest of much ingenious stage business. Mr. Tree himself, to say nothing of his company, would do well to look to his lines.

I had fatted all the region kites

is a very unmetrical substitute for—

I should have fatted all the region kites;

and in the lines—

'Swounds! I should take; for it cannot be.

But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall,

the word "Well" replaces the more archaic "'Swounds!" but weakly. Again, Hamlet's description of the spurs, "That patient merit of the unworthy takes," is so well known that it offends the ear to hear the word "from" doing duty for "of." These are small matters perhaps, but they count for more in "Hamlet" than in the plays with which the ear has less verbal a familiarity. Moreover, our American visitor, Mr. Augustin Daly, is freely denounced for such inaccuracies, so the withers of the proprietor of Her Majesty's must not go altogether unwrung.

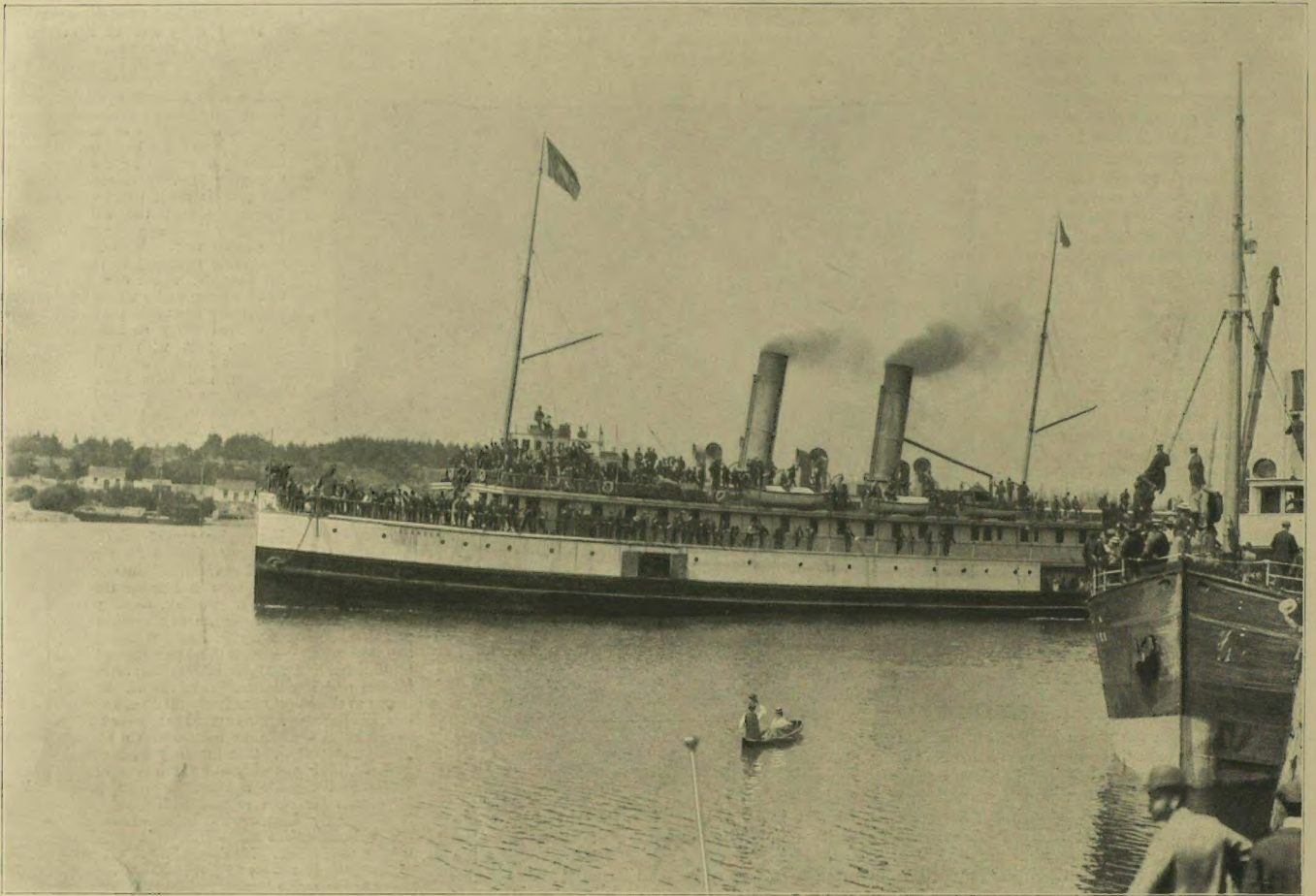


THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN RUSSIA: ARRIVAL OF THEIR MAJESTIES AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Horniman's management, to London playgoers. It reminds one somewhat of "Jedbury Junior." Both plays are by women, both had the stamp of American successes upon them as they reached London in a re-christened form, and both owe a great deal to a certain charm of atmosphere. The obviousness of "The Sleeping Partner" is so naïf as to defy relentless criticism, and yet it is all very real in its way. The essence of the comedy lies in the time-honoured struggle between parent and child as against child and



THE KLONDIKE GOLD DISCOVERIES.



MINERS LEAVING VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, FOR KLONDIKE.

*From a Photograph supplied by the British Columbia Board of Trade.*



ON THE UPPER YUKON.

*Drawn on the Spot by Paul Frenzeng.*



THE KLONDIKE GOLD DISCOVERIES.



THE "EXCELSIOR" LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO WITH PASSENGERS BOUND FOR ALASKA.

*From a Photograph supplied by Mr. Charles Weldner.*



*Hunting for the Mining Camps  
on the Barrens in Alaska.*

HUNTING FOR THE MINING CAMP ON THE BARRENS IN ALASKA.

*Drawn on the Spot by Paul Frenzeny.*



## PERSONAL.

Sir Isaac Holden certainly deserved the title of which he was justly proud, "The Grand Old Man of Yorkshire," for although he was nearing his ninety-first birthday he was wonderfully hale and vigorous up to the time of his last illness, and was, indeed, considered to be making good progress towards complete recovery until within a few hours of his death. He was a man of a strongly inventive faculty, and it is interesting to recall the established fact that he was really the inventor of the modern match which has now entirely superseded the tinder-box of Sir Isaac's remote youth. He neglected, however, to take out a patent for his discovery, and so another man reaped where he had sown. He was more fortunate in his wool-combing machinery, and the works which he established in company with the present Lord Masham, then Mr. Lister, at St. Denis, near Paris, close upon fifty years ago, and subsequently at Roubaix, Rheims, and Bradford, were destined to bring him fame and fortune, and to revolutionise the wool-combing industry. Sir Isaac, who was made a Baronet four years ago, had an adventurous life.

Born in Ayrshire, of Cumberland stock, the young Holden spent his early boyhood working under his father at the Wellington Pits. At ten years old, however, he was enabled, by the removal of his family to Kilbarchan, to obtain a smattering of grammar-school education. Eventually he became a schoolmaster at Paisley, and passed thence to Queen's Square Academy, Leeds. The diversity of his largely self-acquired knowledge may be judged from the fact that he was in turn mathematical, commercial, and classical instructor at several scholastic institutions. Nearly seventy years ago, however, he found his true vocation in the wool-combing industry, by which he was to become famous. Sir Isaac sat in Parliament for Knaresborough late in the sixties, and was subsequently returned, first for the North-West Riding and then for the Keighley Division of Yorkshire. Sir Isaac made most generous use of his riches, and he will be long remembered throughout the West Riding.

On the very day that the Roxburgh tenantry were celebrating the majority of their young Duke, Sir Victor Alexander George Robert Bulwer-Lytton, second Earl of Lytton, came of age. He was born at Simla on Aug. 10, 1876, and succeeded his father in 1891. The family traces its origin to Sir Robert de Lytton, who was Comptroller of the Household of Henry IV.; and Knebworth came into their possession so long ago as the fifteenth century. The direct line has been broken by a Stode and a Robinson succeeding to Knebworth, and by two women of the house marrying. Just a hundred years ago Elizabeth Lytton married Brigadier-General Bulwer. One of her sons became Baron Dalling and Bulwer; another was the famous novelist. Thus, although the genealogical purist would regard the line of Lytton as having been hopelessly broken, such immediate ancestors as the novelist and his son, the diplomatist and poet (Owen Meredith who died in 1891), may make the family proud of their pedigree, and lead us, not unnaturally, to expect a good deal from the young Earl who has just emerged from minorhood.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has kissed the Sultan's hand. To people who remember Batak and the war of 1877, this seems a little strange, but sentiment is a capricious quality in the Balkans. Prince Ferdinand is evidently of opinion that he has nothing to hope for in the patronage of Russia, and that he changed the religion of Prince Boris in vain. He is equally sceptical with regard to Austria, and so his Prime Minister disparages the Austrian royal family. It is to the beautiful friendship of the Sultan that Ferdinand turns, and it is on Turkish bayonets that he relies for the protection of Bulgarian independence. This must tickle Abdul Hamid mightily, especially as Russia and Austria are said to have come to an understanding about the partition of his dominions.

The Augustus Harris Memorial Fund now amounts to more than two thousand pounds, and subscriptions are still expected by the committee, of which the Prince of Wales is a patron. One thousand pounds of the sum has been spent on a fine drinking-fountain, which will, doubtless, be much appreciated by the crowded neighbourhood of Drury Lane, its site having been appropriately found at the northern corner of the theatre's façade. The work is now proceeding apace, and the fountain will probably be unveiled before September is far advanced. The rest of the fund is to be devoted to the endowment of a bed in Charing Cross Hospital, for the sole use of the dramatic and musical professions.

The ubiquitous lady-journalist will soon be at Klondike, and then we shall doubtless know all there is to be known, but this time she is not only to supply "copy," but to combine with that duty the rôles of newspaper proprietor and printer. Mrs. Caroline Wescott Romney—for that is the enterprising lady's name—is preparing to leave Chicago for the Klondike gold territory, and will take with her on her travels a hand-press and all the paraphernalia necessary for the production of a newspaper. Whether Mrs. Romney's venture will command success or not remains to be seen, but it certainly deserves it.

Brigadier-General Sir Bindon Blood, whose name plays a prominent part in the recent news from the disturbed frontier district of India, has had considerable experience of Indian campaigning before receiving his present appointment to the command of the military advance towards Chitral. A son of Mr. W. B. Blood, of County Clare, he inherited Indian traditions on the maternal side, his mother being a daughter of Sir Auckland Colvin, K.C.S.I., formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces and Oudh, and now Chairman of the Burma State

General and the Lieutenant were set aside, however, when the Count of Turin arose to vindicate the national honour. The Count is the son of the late Prince Amadeo of Savoy and the grandson of King Victor Emmanuel. An interesting feature of the meeting of the Italian and French Princes is their relationship by marriage—the Count of Turin's elder brother, the Duke of Aosta, being the husband of a cousin of Prince Henri. The Count, who is twenty-six years old, is a Major in the Cavalleria Roma; and the same engaging qualities which have made him a leader of society in Italy have also established him in the goodwill of the populace. Prince Henri of Orleans is well known in this country as the eldest son of the Duc de Chartres and the nephew of the late Duc d'Anjou. He was, indeed, born in England, at the Richmond retreat of his family.

The chief point of interest about the much discussed duel is the fact that it was no merely nominal affair, but was fought in all seriousness. Vauresson, beyond St. Cloud, was the scene of the encounter, after several changes of scene necessitated by the vigilance of the French authorities, who were anxious to prevent the meeting. After five bouts, in the course of which the combatants came to such close quarters that they had to be separated by the seconds, Prince Henri received a serious wound in the abdomen, and the seconds forbade the continuance of the fight. Though serious, the wound is not considered dangerous, and with due care Prince

Henri is expected to make a good recovery. The reception given to the Count on his return to Turin was of a most enthusiastic character, and he has evidently become more of a popular hero than ever by his share in the duel.

Some ill-conditioned persons in Paris, where the result of the duel between Prince Henri of Orleans and the Count of Turin has been accepted, on the whole, with excellent sense of good feeling, are circulating a story that the Count wore a cuirass. This is supposed to explain the fact that the first sword used by Prince Henri was bent at the point. It was said that it had come into contact with a trouser-button; but that is absurd, for a sword-point striking a button would bound off. The probability is that the sword was bent by contact with the heavy guard worn on the Italian weapon of the Count. As for the alleged cuirass, that is the sort of fable which is too contemptible for serious notice.

There can be no doubt that the Count of Turin has rendered a great service to the House of Savoy. It would be rash to affirm that King Humbert is popular in Italy. The crushing taxation and the failure of the Abyssinian Expedition have caused much discontent with the army. But the personal success of the Count of Turin, achieved in a cause which was supposed to affect the national honour, is just the kind of prestige that appeals most strongly to the Italian imagination.

It is to be hoped for the Pope's sake that he will be dissuaded from his alleged intention of excommunicating the Count of Turin and Prince Henri of Orleans. Duels without number have been fought in Catholic countries, often by prominent persons, without provoking the wrath of the Vatican.

There is a fresh outbreak of frenzy in the Russian and German Press against England, and we are threatened for the hundredth time with a Continental coalition. A German professor at St. Petersburg has written a book to prove that England carries on a policy of greed and perfidy, while Russia is a great civilising power, and Germany is distinguished by her love of peace. All this affords a light entertainment to the English reader in the dead season.

Three new diplomatic appointments of importance have been announced this week. Mr. G. J. Kennedy, who has been in the Diplomatic Service of his country for just forty years, has been promoted from his Consul-Generalship at Santiago to the more responsible duties of Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary at Bucharest. Mr. Kennedy is an Oxford man, and has gained his experience of diplomatic life at Mexico, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, Washington, Rome, St. Petersburg, and other centres.

Mr. Kennedy's successor at Santiago is to be Mr. Audley Charles Gosling, a diplomatist who began life in the military branch of her Majesty's service. His diplomatic years, however, fall short of those of his predecessor by but two, and he has held appointments at Paris, Stockholm, Athens, Madrid, Buda-Pesth, and other ambassadorial centres. For the past seven years he has been Minister-Resident for Guatemala, Costa Rica, Honduras, and other republics, the mere names of which might inspire a modern Mrs. Malaprop to ask if they be not "like Cerberus," so many gentlemen at once.

Mr. Gosling's successor in this diplomatic group of republics is to be Mr. G. F. Birt Jenner, and, curiously enough, Mr. Jenner's career dates from the same year which saw the diplomatic debut of both the men whose new appointments have now led to his own promotion. From the Embassy at Washington Mr. Jenner passed through Canada and the States with Lord Lyons, on the Prince of Wales's tour of those countries, and subsequently held many appointments.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE LATE SIR ISAAC HOLDEN, BART.

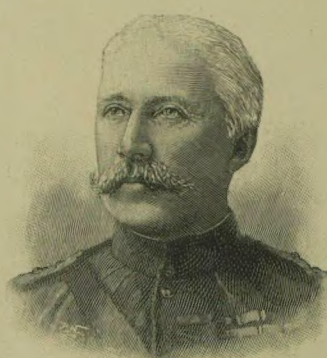


Photo F. Dreumer, Canal Road.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD, K.C.B.

Railways Company. Sir Bindon, who received his commission in the Royal Engineers in 1860, served in the Lowaki Expedition of 1877, and won the medal and clasp. Two years later he obtained the same distinction in the Zulu War, and he earned similar honours in the Afghan War of 1879 and the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. He played an important part in the Chitral Campaign of 1895 as Chief Staff Officer, and received the dignity of K.C.B. the next year. He has since remained in India in command of the Bundelcund District. In his advance beyond Malakand with the 1st Brigade and three batteries of artillery, he was expected to arrive on Monday last within the Upper Swat Valley, the tribesmen of which were still in a hostile attitude. The inhabitants of the Musa-Khel District, through which the force passed on Sunday last, all offered an unconditional submission.

The royal duel has been fought in all seriousness, Prince Henri of Orleans has been wounded and adjudged



Photo Schenloche, Turin.

THE COUNT OF TURIN.

WHO WOUNDED PRINCE HENRI OF ORLEANS IN THEIR DUEL.

the loser, and the honour of the Italian army is avenged. So it would seem, at any rate, from the fact that the Prince and his victorious opponent shook hands after the encounter, and from the return of General Albertone's seconds to Italy. It will be remembered that after the publication of Prince Henri's very strong reflections on the conduct of Italian officers and men in Abyssinia, General Albertone sought permission to resign in order that he might be free to demand satisfaction for the Frenchman's assertions. Meanwhile the Italian officers who had been released from their long duration in Abyssinia arrived within hearing of the grave accusations brought against them by Prince Henri, and chose one of their number, Lieutenant Pini, to represent them in the matter. The challenges of both the

Count of Turin and the Lieutenant were set aside, however, when the Count of Turin arose to vindicate the national honour. The Count is the son of the late Prince Amadeo of Savoy and the grandson of King Victor Emmanuel. An interesting feature of the meeting of the Italian and French Princes is their relationship by marriage—the Count of Turin's elder brother, the Duke of Aosta, being the husband of a cousin of Prince Henri. The Count, who is twenty-six years old, is a Major in the Cavalleria Roma; and the same engaging qualities which have made him a leader of society in Italy have also established him in the goodwill of the populace. Prince Henri of Orleans is well known in this country as the eldest son of the Duc de Chartres and the nephew of the late Duc d'Anjou. He was, indeed, born in England, at the Richmond retreat of his family.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, has been visited by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, with her husband, and by the Duchess of Connaught, with whom, on Aug. 10, she visited the bazaar held at East Cowes Castle in aid of a parish school. The Queen on Friday again held an investiture of the Order of the Bath, and conferred knighthood upon a number of gentlemen. Princess Frederica of Hanover came on Saturday.

The Queen has sent a gracious reply to the Address of the Bishops at the Lambeth Conference, and her Majesty earnestly trusts "that these meetings of Bishops from all parts of the world may tend to promote the cause of peace and goodwill, and the increase of charity among men."

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived on Saturday at Bayreuth to attend the performance of the Wagner operas.

The Duke and Duchess of York on Tuesday night crossed the Irish Channel from Holyhead to Kingstown in the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, escorted by H.M.S. *Colossus* and H.M.S. *Mersey*, and arrived next morning at Dublin. They were received at Dublin Castle as guests of Earl Cadogan, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. There was a review of troops under command of Lord Roberts in Phoenix Park.

The Duke of Connaught on Friday, at Aldershot, opened the new hospital erected to commemorate the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. On Monday the troops under his command there began the first stage of their autumn manoeuvres.

Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark have returned to Copenhagen from their visit to the parents of her Royal Highness.

On Monday, at the Hotel Cecil, the Cobden Club, represented by Lord Farrer with a deputation, presented its gold medal to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister of Canada, for his distinguished services to Free Trade.

Sir Louis Davies, the Canadian Minister of Marine, delivered on Monday to the London Chamber of Commerce, at Botolph House, Eastcheap, an instructive lecture on the commercial relations of Canada with the British Empire.

The Agent-General for New Zealand, the Hon. W. P. Reeves, on Tuesday opened the Exhibition of the Co-operative Labour Association, at the Crystal Palace.

The Postal Telegraph Clerks' Association, which held a London meeting on Friday, has referred to a general meeting of that class of Government service employes, to be held next week at Liverpool, the consideration of the terms offered by the Duke of Norfolk, Postmaster-General, and has protested against its general secretary, Mr. C. H. Garland, being officially called to account for his part in the recent agitation.

Mr. Henry Tate's munificent public gift, the new Art Gallery at Millbank, formally opened by the Prince of Wales a month ago, was actually opened to the people last Monday; it already contains about three hundred pictures and other works of art, including those by Mr. G. F. Watts.

Boating accidents in the Firth of Clyde and the Gareloch, and on the north coast of Ireland and on the English coasts, were attended with the loss of eight lives on Saturday and Sunday last.

The German Emperor and Empress, returning from their visit to Russia, landed at Kiel on Friday Aug. 13, and went to Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel. There will be a grand review of the German army on Sept. 7, between Hanau and Aschaffenburg, on the Main.

The President of the French Republic is expected to arrive at Cronstadt on Monday, Aug. 23, when he will be the guest of the Czar and Czarina at Peterhof; he will next day visit St. Petersburg, and will, on the 25th, witness a military review at Krasnoe Selo. He goes by sea from Dunkirk in the *Pothuau*, a French ship of war.

The funeral of the late Spanish Prime Minister, Señor Canovas de Castillo, was performed at Madrid on Friday with great pomp and solemnity. The trial of the Anarchist assassin, Angiolotto, took place on Sunday before a court-martial at Vergara. He was sentenced to death. The widow of the late Minister is to receive a pension, with the title of Duchess.

The peace negotiations at Constantinople have not yet terminated; there is difficulty about the Turkish evacuation of Thessaly and the payment of the war indemnity.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has returned from his visit to the Sultan at Constantinople. Much offence has been given to the Austrian Court by his Minister, M. Stoiloff, making some disparaging comments in a personal interview, and the Austrian diplomatic agent has been withdrawn from Sofia. In the meantime, M. Stoiloff

has been favoured by the Sultan with the "Order of Glory," an act strongly resented by the Ambassadors of the Great Powers.

A carrier pigeon despatch from Herr Andrée, the conductor of the Arctic Polar balloon exploring expedition, has been obtained by the aid of a Norwegian sealing vessel.



Photo Magill, Piccadilly.

THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

It states that the balloon had passed 82 deg. N. latitude, with a good voyage northward; the date is not legible.

A French steamer, the *Ville de Malaga*, of Rouen, was wrecked on Saturday among the Casquets rocks off Alderney, and six of the crew were drowned.

Some uneasiness has been caused in India by reports that the Ameer of Afghanistan was secretly conniving at the hostile movements of the frontier mountain tribes. We now learn that Abdurrahman has issued a firman which forbids his subjects to join the rebel Mohmands and the followers of Najam-ud-din, the Mullah of Hadda, near Peshawar, or to interfere with the Tochi Expedition. Reinforcements of British and Indian troops are being sent forward along the route from Peshawar to Jellalabad. General Sir W. Lockhart is in chief military command in the Punjab, with forces including 20,000 British and large numbers of native soldiery. Two reserve brigades are formed at Rawal Pindi.

The meeting of the British Association of Science at Toronto has commenced with the best auspices. Sir John

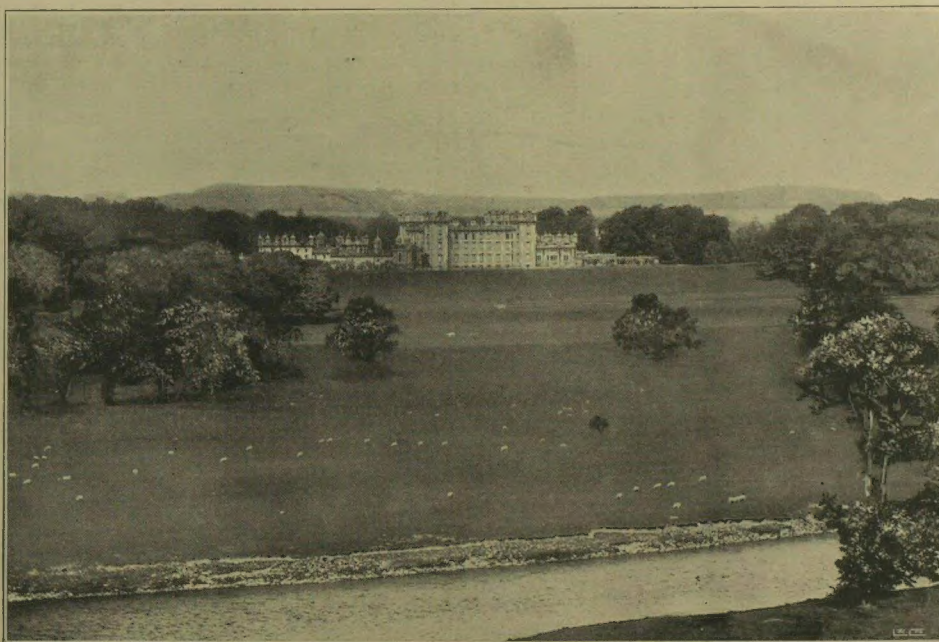
## THE COMING OF AGE OF THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

The coming of age of the Duke of Roxburghe has been the occasion of great rejoicings in the Kelso district. Sir Henry John Innes-Ker, Duke of Roxburghe, who also bears the titles of Marquis of Bowmont and Cessford, Earl of Roxburghe, Earl of Kelso, Viscount Broxmouth, Baron Roxburghe, and Baron Ker, was born on July 25, 1876, and is the eighth ducal member of his house, which has long been a power on the Border. The Kers can trace their pedigree back five centuries and more. One branch has given us the Duke of Roxburghe; to another the Marquis of Lothian belongs. They both found their way into the Peerage about the same time—the Roxburghe branch in 1600, the Lothian branch in 1606. The first Lord Roxburghe accompanied James VI. into England, and was Lord Privy Seal to Charles I. A hundred years later the fifth Earl was created Duke of Roxburghe. It was his grandson, the third Duke, who raised the art of book-collecting into a palpitating mania which has rarely been equalled. This nobleman gathered together at No. 13, St. James's Square, which he occupied from 1795 till 1804, the year of his death, a library extraordinarily rich in early English books. The Square has always been bookish, for it was at No. 3 that Lord Orford housed the Harleian Manuscripts, while the London Library has made its home next door to the Duke of Roxburghe's mansion, which is now occupied by the Windham Club, where his bookcases may still be seen. When the Duke died, the glory of his house seemed to come to an end, for, as he left no issue, his English honours became extinct, his Scots titles devolved upon his kinsman, Lord Bellenden, while his library was sold by auction. For forty-two days (May 18-July 8) the hammer of Mr. Evans clicked incessantly amid an excited audience in the dining-room of the house, the 9353 lots fetching £23,241. The enthusiasm of buyers reached such a pitch that £2260 was run up for the Valdarfer Boccaccio, printed in Venice 1471, this being the highest price that had ever been paid for a single volume. Lord Spencer and the Marquis of Blandford (afterwards Duke of Marlborough) were the competitors—his Grace carrying off the treasure, which, however, was sold by him in 1819 for £918 to the Longmans, who ultimately disposed of it at that figure to the same Lord Spencer for his library at Althorpe. The Roxburghe sale resulted in the birth of the Roxburghe Club, founded in 1812 by various noblemen who had been spurred into bibliophile enthusiasm, and it became the parent of a whole race of book-printing clubs, of which the Maitland, the Bannatyne, and the Spalding are the best known. The ducal line was broken again in the person of the fifth Duke, who was Sir James Innes-Norcliffe. The seventh Duke, who died in 1892, married Lady Anne Emily Spencer Churchill, the aunt of the present Duke of Marlborough, whose ancestor had purchased the famous Boccaccio, and who, like his cousin, the Duke of Roxburghe, came into his title as a minor. The young Duke of Roxburghe has been educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and has recently been gazetted to a lieutenancy in the 2nd Life Guards. His mother, who was Mistress of the Robes to the Queen from 1880 to 1885, is a great friend of her Majesty, after whom his sister, Lady Victoria Alexandrina Innes-Ker, is named. Floors Castle, where the majority rejoicings were held in the first week of this month, is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Teviot and the Tweed near Kelso, and has been the scene of many a brilliant gathering in which several members of the royal family have figured. The Kelso people have been very enthusiastic in their rejoicings, presenting the young Duke with an address and a massive silver bowl of Georgian design.

A railway accident took place near Zell, in North Germany, on Saturday, by an express train running off the rails. Three persons were killed and others badly hurt. Seven persons were drowned on Sunday by the capsizing of a river steam-boat on the Elbe at Dresden.

The Belgian Antarctic Expedition, conducted by M. de Gerlache, on board the steamer *Belgica*, left Antwerp on Monday for Punta Arenas, in the Strait of Magellan, whence it will proceed to the uninhabited shore of Grahamsland, and look for the supposed South Polar continent. Provisions for two years are carried by this expedition, which consists of twenty-one persons.

It is announced that one result of the Siamese King's visit to Great Britain will be the "enlargement" of his fleet. "Enlargement" is good, for there is practically no navy in Siam. In the river at Bangkok Mr. George Curzon once saw a number of war-ships from a window, and wrote about them with enthusiasm. He did not know that they had no boilers and no guns, and were simply useless hulks. The effective naval strength of Siam is a trifle more distinguished now, perhaps, but from a European point of view it is virtually non-existent.



FLOORS CASTLE, KELSO, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

Evans, the President, and Lord Lister were entertained on Sunday by the McGill University of Montreal, and have since arrived at Toronto, while the Canadians everywhere bid hearty welcome to their visitors upon this occasion.

The Portuguese Government forces in East Africa have completely subdued the native rebellion in Gazaland, with very small loss to the European troops.

Fresh conflicts have taken place in Cuba between the insurgents and the Spanish army, which has now 35,000 men sick in the hospitals. A report of the resignation of command by General Weyler has been contradicted this week.

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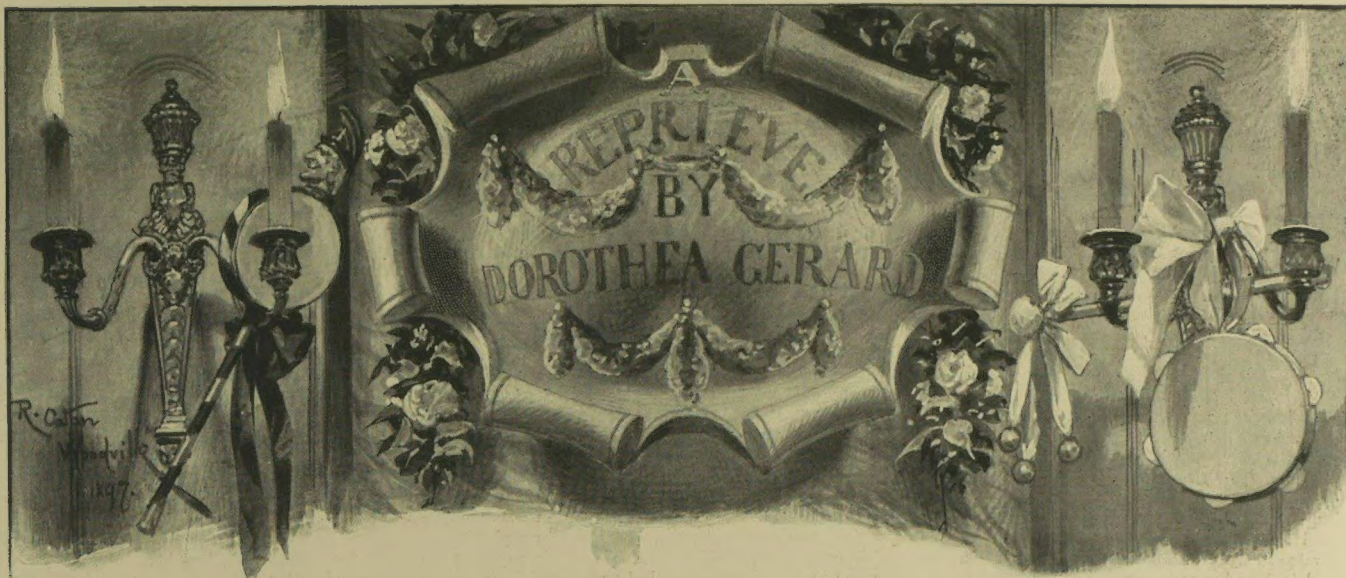
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THE KLONDIKE GOLD DISCOVERIES: AN ALASKAN FISH MARKET.





ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

ON Jan. 7, 185—, Prince Degenthal, Colonel of the Hussars, was opening the carnival with a ball in his house, and his eldest daughter, Princess Pauline, was being pressed for far more dances than could possibly take place before daylight. Even if Pauline's hair had been sandy and her shoulders of unequal height, it is probable that her card would have been full, for was she not the Colonel's daughter, and did not everything depend on private favour in those far-off days? But, as it happened, her hair was of a beautiful rich brown, and her shoulders as though hewn out of marble, while the rapid, unexpected movements of her almost too lithe figure, and the ever-changing light in her intensely dark eyes gave an impression of vivacity and somewhat petulant grace, more remarkable even than her undoubted beauty of feature. Small wonder that the eyes even of sober staff officers lingered about the brilliant apparition; while as for the lieutenants, the mere glitter of the diamond star that trembled above her white forehead seemed to have gone to their youthful heads as infallibly as champagne. Before the first waltz was over there was not one of them who had not had his turn with her.

Almost the only member of the regiment who had not approached her was a big dark-browed man—almost too big for a representative of what was then known, *par excellence*, as "light cavalry"—and bearing the insignia of a captain. It was a fine though slightly heavy face, except for the morose expression and the lowering brows which almost masked the eyes. A close observer would have noticed that those shaggily fringed eyes were for ever busy in one direction. With his back against the wall, Captain Brentner stood quiescent, watching from afar the group which was for ever forming and re-forming around Princess Pauline's chair; and as he watched, certain slight twitchings of his black moustache, as well as a spasmodic contraction of the eyelids now and then, betrayed some strong inward emotion. This attitude of looker-on was his usual one on occasions of this sort; even at the supper-table, when his comrades with the full purses and the high-sounding names were chatting gaily of their connections and their prospects, he generally played a passive part. His own name was not high-sounding, nor his purse particularly full, and this, at a period when an Austrian cavalry regiment was a very hotbed of young princes and counts, anxious to acquire the much-coveted military "gloss" at the cost of at least a part of their fathers' fortunes, meant a position nothing short of paradoxical. Rigid self-control and dogged perseverance were the only qualities which could make it tenable, and both these qualities Brentner possessed in a supreme degree—excellent things in their way, no doubt, but the exercise of which, under certain circumstances, is apt to harden a man's judgment of others and embitter his views of life. Had he not known himself to be an excellent officer he would never have ceased to regret the military ambition which had put him on this road of life.

Presently, over Brentner's dark face there passed a quicker contraction, while his broad back changed its position against the wall. Another dancer had approached the queen of the ball. He knew that slender-waisted figure well, with the close-cropped sunny hair about the high-bred temples, and the boyish self-confidence on the full fresh lips and in the dancing blue eyes. Count Neckers was generally accounted the most "dashing" officer in this particularly "dashing" regiment, and if the number of female hearts conquered was to decide the question there could be no doubt that he deserved his reputation. Even Brentner, though very far from loving his subordinate, was forced to acknowledge that the man's looks were well calculated to ensnare the female fancy. He could not even

wonder that the beautiful Pauline herself should have fallen a victim to those brilliant looks. That this was the case the whole regiment could see, as clearly as Prince Degenthal himself, towards whom Brentner now shot a quietly observant look. Yes, it was easy to note the

gratified smile, badly concealed by the fine silver-grey moustache, while the old aristocrat's usually so icy grey eyes, resting furtively on the couple just across the room, were lit up by a gleam of unmistakable satisfaction. Even Prince Degenthal could scarcely hope to secure for



"I do not dance, Princess," he said, almost roughly.



his favourite child a more desirable husband than the heir to the titles and fortunes of the long line of Neckers. And no doubt he would get his wish. True, it was not on Neckers alone that Pauline had bestowed her favours, for, revelling in the sense of her own power, and perhaps a little intoxicated by the adulation poured out at her feet, she had in the past two carnivals succeeded in turning several heads besides that of young Count Neckers. Not even the deep, devouring passion with which she had from the first inspired him could blind Brentner to the fact that the woman he loved—quite hopelessly, since, of course, he was not a fit husband for a Princess Degenthal—often came dangerously near to deserving the name of flirt, though obviously an innocent one. In fact, it had occurred to him once or twice before to-night that he himself was almost the only man in the regiment on whom she had not tried her hand, probably because he looked too clumsy or too grim to be lightly experimented upon, or possibly because she had guessed his secret, and was merciful enough to spare him.

An incident in the course of the evening seemed to belie this latter theory. The cotillon was in progress, and Brentner, still in his attitude of looker-on, was standing well out of the way of the dancers when, quite unexpectedly, Pauline Degenthal stood before him, holding out in her hand one of the ribbon-favours with which the ladies were occupied in decorating the gentlemen. She smiled as she looked at him—the brilliant smile of a woman who knows the value of her favours. In his astonishment Brentner stared back at her so long and so hard that the colour began to mount in her cheek. It was the first time that she had seemed to take any notice of him; could it be that she wanted to play with him as she played with the others?

"I do not dance, Princess," he said, almost roughly, setting his teeth even as he spoke.

The smile went out suddenly like a light blown out, while another light leapt to her angry eyes. It was not in this way that she was used to see her marks of condescension received.

"Ah, you don't," she replied, throwing up her dark head so vivaciously that the diamond star seemed to spit fire. "Then, perhaps, I shall find someone else to relieve me of this bit of ribbon."

A dozen hands were stretched forth on the instant. She looked about her with dangerously bright eyes.

"Count Neckers, you have one of my cocardes already, I believe; but I think your coat has room for a second." And in the next moment she whirled away on the much-envied man's arm.

The latter part of the evening was a far worse ordeal to Brentner than the earlier hours had been; for, dating from the cotillon, Pauline's glances and smiles were reserved almost exclusively for Count Neckers. It was like driving nails into his own breast to stand thus and watch them from afar, and yet it was impossible not to watch them; and when in the misty darkness of the January morning the wearied-out man stepped into the street, it was with the consciousness that he hated his successful rival with an intensity which almost frightened himself. There was something tearing at his heart with what felt like real, sharp claws, and he knew that the name of the monster which he carried with him was Jealousy.

"And to think that that boy imagines he can love her as I do!" he groaned to himself in the solitude of his room.

When, two hours later, they met again in the riding-school—no longer as dancer and looker-on, but as superior and subordinate—the first glance at the Lieutenant's face, as fresh and smiling as though he had not spent his night in an over-heated ball-room, told the Captain that the monster was wide-awake as ever. That smile of serene assurance, and the sight of a yellow rosebud peeping out from under the uniform-coat of the young Count was as a goad to the horrible feeling raging within him. He remembered quite distinctly that Princess Pauline had held a bouquet of yellow roses in her hands last night. His face darkened and the tone of his voice rang suddenly sharper as he shouted the next command to the Lieutenant, who, mounted on a half-broken horse, was having some difficulty with his steed. It was the first time that he had ever allowed his private feelings to influence him in the fulfilment of his duty, but to-day something had broken bounds within him, and, although fully aware that he was losing his self-control, the desire to humiliate this man before his comrades was too overpowering to be resisted. He was the highest officer present, and the spectators could do nothing but listen in submission to words that are generally only addressed to raw recruits. As the minutes passed and the Captain's animosity became unmistakable, a look of understanding began to touch one face after the other. It was one of those glances caught by Brentner, and accompanied by a whispered word, which brought about the catastrophe.

There was a bar to jump, which the brute ridden by Neckers would not even approach—the easiest opportunity possible for a superior disposed to harass his subordinate. Count Neckers, smiling till now, was beginning to look grave.

"Spurs!" shouted the Captain, and added with an unmistakable sneer: "One would think you had never used your spurs out of a ball-room."

It was at this moment that he caught the whisper

alongside, and understood that his secret was betrayed. Quite suddenly he seemed to be looking at himself through the eyes of the bystanders. A black curtain seemed to blot out the morning light.

"If you're afraid to use them here, say so," he laughed disagreeably, "and I will get someone else to put the beast over." And he added a word which he would not have spoken if he had not been senseless with rage.

Count Neckers' boyishly rosy face turned suddenly pale. He had borne a great deal, understanding the reason of his persecution, and perhaps triumphing in it; but this time the insult was too obviously intentional to be accepted by the high spirit of his race. Before anyone could interfere the young man had jumped from the back of his foaming horse, and forgetting everything but his threatened honour, had drawn his sword upon his superior. Brentner parried the blow easily with his uplifted right arm, and the other Lieutenants had pulled back Neckers before a second could be dealt, but the event was just as irrevocable as if streams of blood had flowed.

"You are under arrest," said Captain Brentner, looking steadily at the distracted young man. He himself was experiencing the sensation of a person who grows suddenly sober after several hours of drunkenness. The brief madness was over, but its consequences were yet to come.

A week later he sat alone in his lodging, staring blankly at the clock on the wall, and asking himself whether there existed no means of stopping those steadily creeping hands. The court-martial, which was the inevitable sequel of the scene in the riding-school, had pronounced the inevitable sentence, and this was the day on which Lieutenant Neckers was to die by powder and shot for the crime of insubordination. He had known that it could not end otherwise, but he had not yet come to accept the event. From the moment that the young man had stood opposite to him, sword in hand, and that in a prophetic flash he had seen his fate sealed, the feeling of hatred within him had died out as completely as though it had never been. The favoured rival was going to be removed from his path for ever, but there was darkness, and not joy, in the thought. About one hour and a half still separated him from the moment of the execution, which he had escaped attending by having himself put on the sick-list. No doubt the matter lay in the Colonel's hands—for that was the time when the commander of a regiment wielded almost magical power—but to know Prince Degenthal was to understand how faint a hope lay in that direction. Exactly because he might be supposed to have a personal interest in preserving the life of this desirable son-in-law, would the grim old soldier seize this opportunity of posing as a Spartan in the public opinion.

Presently, standing shielded by the window-curtain, Brentner caught sight of two figures turning down the street. It was this he had been waiting for; he knew that the two young Lieutenants of the regiment who, in accordance with an old-established custom, had been sent to beg for the life of their comrade, would have to pass by his lodging on their way back from the Colonel's residence. One glance at them was enough; they walked slowly, their young faces were grave, and they bore no white flag in their hands. He had known that the deputation would this time be no more than an empty form, and yet his heavy heart sank by another degree.

Another look at the clock—barely an hour now—and then he sat down at the table once more, holding his temples with his two closed hands: the pressure seemed to help him to think. Within the same minute he stood up again, having apparently come to some determination. A few minutes later he was on his way to the Colonel's house.

"Tell Princess Degenthal that I must speak to her at once—it is urgent," he said to the servant who opened the door. The man, who had received orders to admit no one, hesitated for only one moment, and then silently led the way. There had been something in the tone which would not take nay. Something of this impression must have transmitted itself to the report he made, for the old Princess, receiving the message, hurried submissively to the drawing-room.

Brentner was standing in the middle of the big room—the same room in which the ball had taken place—upright, and with his two hands resting on the hilt of his sword.

"Tell Princess Pauline that I must speak to her at once," he said, in exactly the same tone he had used towards the servant. "At once," he repeated, "and alone."

The Princess, who was a mild, easily bewildered woman, looked at him in a flurry, and vaguely understood that something was wrong. This *tête-à-tête* with an unmarried man was dead against even the rudiments of Austrian etiquette, but in presence of that set face she felt that she had no choice. She was not very clever, but she guessed at that moment that there might after all be things in the world more important than etiquette.

"Only for a few minutes?" she asked tremulously.

"Only for a few minutes; it will be enough, but it must be at once."

"As you wish," she murmured, withdrawing hastily.

There was only a short pause before the door opened again. Pauline, looking very beautiful in her close-fitting gown of dark blue velvet, but paler and more subdued than was her wont, slipped noiselessly into the room.

"What is it you want of me?" she said so low that Brentner only just caught the words, and standing still beside one of the old-fashioned, high-backed chairs, she took hold of its gilded top as though to steady herself. Brentner, who had been staring blankly at the window, turned quickly, not having heard her enter.

"I want the life of Neckers," he said, looking at her steadily. "I need the life of Neckers, and it is only you who can give it to me."

She shook her head faintly.

"I cannot save him."

"You can and you must. It is not only his life; it is the peace of my whole future that is at stake. You have me to save as well as him."

"You?"

"Yes. You have probably heard that it was I upon whom he drew his sword in the riding-school, and perhaps you think that I am giving way to ordinary scruples; but that is not so. You know nothing of the motive. I will tell you the truth now, but only in a very few words, for the time is short. It was true that he was insubordinate, but only because I goaded him beyond endurance. Why did I goad him? Because I had loved you for years, as you probably know, and because I saw that he had your favour. It was the day after that first ball at which you so distinguished him—here, against this very piece of wall I had stood and watched his happiness. I saw the yellow rose in his coat, I saw his triumphant smile, and I went mad for a little. And now he is waiting to be led out in order to face the loaded muskets; and, when the muskets have hit their mark, it will not be our military law that has killed him but I—I who am the real executioner. Has not every one of my comrades who looks at me now got the thought written in his eyes? And they are right—right to look at me so, for mine is the hand that did it. Do you understand now why he must be saved? Do you want me to carry the mark of his blood upon me to the end of my days? But the end would come soon," he added, as though speaking to himself, "since I do not think that I should ever go down the stairs again after seeing them pass my window with the empty muskets."

He stopped short, breathless with the hurry of speaking, and looked at her with flaming eyes that commanded far more than they beseeched. Her own, wide open and affrighted, were fixed upon his troubled face, while her shaking fingers clutched the chair-back yet tighter.

"Speak! say something!" he said fiercely as she did not yet break silence. "There is no time to lose. Even at this moment they may be leading him past my window."

With an effort she appeared to rouse herself.

"Yes," came the broken words, "I see that he must be saved; but how? I have already pleaded to my father—in vain. You know what he is like when he thinks he sees a duty."

"Plead once more; there must be hope. Cannot a father's love be made to triumph over an imagined sense of duty? Everyone knows that your power over him is boundless; use it then in God's name, use it to obtain this boon! And go quickly, I implore you! I tell you that even at this moment the people are collecting to see him die. Surely you will not stand by tamely while the man you love is being shot down like a sick dog? Use every argument you can think of. What have you said as yet? Have you told your father that you love him?"

She grew a little paler. "No, I have not said that."

"Then say it before it is too late. To save your happiness—when once he knows that it is at stake he will grant the reprieve. Go, oh! go! There is not a moment to spare, and remember that you are saving two men."

He advanced with outstretched hands, as though to push her from the room.

For a moment longer she stood searching his face with her wild eyes, and apparently struggling to speak.

"I will go," she whispered at last; "and I will tell my father the truth—as you bid me."

Alone in the deserted drawing-room Brentner stood for a short space, debating with himself as to whether he should await the result of the appeal here, but finally snatched up his cap and almost ran back to his lodging, to take up his post once more at the window. A quarter of an hour later, just as the clock hands told him that barely twenty minutes were wanting to the moment of execution, his straining ear caught a sharp clatter of hoofs on the pavement, and the adjutant galloped past, holding a white handkerchief in his hand. By that sign Brentner knew that Pauline had been to her father and had told him that she loved Count Neckers, and so intricate are the workings of the human heart that he actually groaned as he turned from the window.

Upon Count Neckers' reprieve there followed immediately his dismissal from the army, but to a man situated as he was, this closing of his career—involving, as it did, no taint upon his personal honour—was not necessarily a crushing blow, and Brentner, as little as anyone in the regiment, doubted that his betrothal to the beautiful girl whose intercession had saved his life could be but a question of weeks. It was in order not to be forced to witness Count Neckers' happiness that he took three months' leave of absence that spring. He was much more amazed than pleased when, at the end of the three months,



he came back to discover that the betrothal had not yet taken place. This was a prolongation of torture on which he had not counted.

The summer dragged by without bringing any change in the situation or any solution of the enigma to the lookers-on. At last there came a day when Brentner, finding himself unexpectedly alone with Pauline Degenthal, felt that he could bear the strain of suspense no longer. It was during one of the large riding-parties which the Prince loved to organise, and which were attended by most of the officers stationed in the place. Pauline, drawing in her horse after a long gallop, found herself outstripped by all except Captain Brentner. They were in a broad forest clearing, straight as an avenue and carpeted with golden-brown moss. Overhead a ribbon of pale blue sky, to the right and to the left walls of whispering leaves just beginning to be streaked and spotted and tipped by autumn's many-coloured brush, while far on ahead the other riders were vanishing out of sight. It was the first time these two had been alone since that day in February, whose date had been fixed for Count Neckers' execution, and, as he met her furtive glance, Brentner instinctively felt that Pauline, too, was thinking of that day.

"I have never until now had the opportunity of thanking you, Princess, for your kindness in acceding to my wish when I asked you to go to your father," he began in a stiff, formal voice, very different from the impassioned tone he had used on that occasion.

Pauline flicked at the tree branches with her riding-whip, and made no answer.

"I am more thankful than I can say that your prayers were not spoken in vain."

"I, too, am thankful," said Pauline, with what sounded like dawning irritation in her voice.

"I suppose the Prince was very hard to move," remarked Brentner hesitatingly.

"He was not easy to move," was all she said, intent apparently on flicking off as many leaves as she could reach.

Brentner, looking towards her averted face, began to feel devoured with impatience.

"Princess!" he burst out, after a few moments' secret struggle, "explain to me this riddle! The man whose life you saved—everyone knows that he is your slave, and I know that it was by the avowal of your love that you softened your father's heart. How is it, then, that until to-day he has not claimed his own?"

Then Princess Pauline turned slowly in her saddle and looked with flashing eyes at her companion.

"His own?" she echoed haughtily. "Who tells you that I am his to claim?"

"But did not your own lips say so on that terrible day?"

"You are dreaming; it was your lips that said so—not mine."

"And yet you told your father—"

"I told my father that in order to save the man I love he must take back the order of Count Neckers' execution."

"The man you love?" echoed Brentner almost blankly.

"Oh, how slow you are!" cried Pauline with a burst of characteristic petulance which swept aside every other consideration. "Do you not understand yet that it was for

## ART NOTES.

The selected works of the National Art Schools competition are now to be seen at the South Kensington Museum, and if we might judge from the space on walls and screens covered by the drawings, we might suppose ourselves a thoroughly artistic people. Unfortunately the quality is not equal to the quantity, so far as the inexperienced eye can judge. Nevertheless, the judges seem to find no difficulty in awarding the numerous prizes and medals which a beneficent State provides. One cannot, however, help thinking that the cause of art might often be better advanced by withholding the rewards, and one might almost add that the judges would do better not to seek to exhaust the State grant, but to economise it to the utmost by making awards only in cases of really meritorious work.

In these competitions it is to the decorative drawings that one turns most readily, in the hope of finding amongst the competitors some gleams of originality which may induce our manufacturers of textile and other goods to be satisfied with home-made designs. On the present occasion there are several which show not a little taste, but in the majority, especially in the patterns of wall-papers, ingenuity rather than simplicity seems the aim of our young students. The debt which this country owes to the late William Morris for raising the level of British taste in everything pertaining to household decoration is admitted by all. Now that his personal influence and inspiring energy are withdrawn, it behoves the teachers of the industrial arts to see that national taste does not fall again to the level in which he found it.

Among the prizes awarded are three travelling scholarships, and it has long been a difficult problem with the authorities to ensure a fair return for the money paid to the winning competitors. These naturally regard the scholarships as a recognition of completed work, but the Department, on the other hand, expects the money (fifty pounds) to be expended by the winner in perfecting himself, and insists upon his submitting the results of his *Wanderjahr* to the authorities. The difficulty of carrying this principle into practice besets all similar endowments, and in France as well as in this country, the art directors are seriously considering the advisability of doing away altogether with "travelling scholarships."

The National Gallery shows no signs of the losses it has sustained by the transference of so many pictures to the Tate Gallery. The walls are once more well covered, and little space seems available for new purchases or bequests. If the original idea of removing the works of all painters born subsequent to 1790 had been more rigidly carried out, the result would have been more satisfactory. Meanwhile, one is left to guess by what process of reasoning, since at length there is one gallery devoted to French artists, the works of Ary Scheffer (a Dutchman by birth), François Bonvin, and Charles Poussin are placed among the works of the "Modern British School," which includes also the landscape of that accomplished Italian, Professor Costa, exhibited at the New Gallery last year.



"Spurs!" shouted the Captain, and added, with an unmistakable sneer: "One would think you had never used your spurs out of a ball-room."

you I got the reprieve, and not for Count Neckers? Had you not as good as told me that you would put a ball through your head, rather than live a murderer?"

It took a little time to convince both Brentner himself and the regiment at large that Princess Pauline was serious, and that behind her numerous flirtations of the past two years there had been slowly growing up an interest—destined to ripen into love—in the dark, silent man who kept so studiously in the background, but in whose eyes she had early read a devotion far more real, a passion far purer than was mirrored in the smiling faces of her more brilliant and youthful admirers.

By what means she succeeded in obtaining the old Prince's consent to her marriage always remained a mystery to the world, as great a mystery as the exact scene between father and daughter which had taken place on the occasion of the famous reprieve.



## LITERATURE.

## "THE CHRISTIAN."

Mr. Hall Caine has designed this book upon a colossal scale. He essays to portray religion, society, the life of the theatre and the music-hall, the Bohemia of night clubs at both ends of London, the career of a hospital nurse. His characters include a Prime Minister, a bishop, the head of a religious brotherhood in the Church of England, a worldly canon, a young man about town who is beyond reclamation, and his intimate friend who has higher instincts, though he owns a racehorse, and spends his nights at the "Corinthian"; a fanatical priest who believes that Christianity and asceticism are inseparable, a popular actress with very broad and sensible views of humanity, music-hall ladies with the catchwords of their class, and a host of minor performers in diverse social spheres. This huge mass of material is handled with considerable skill; the characters are well grouped, and there are few gaps in the movement; some scenes are written with a dramatic force that is admirable. But, for all its striking merits, the book is essentially defective; it is polemical when it ought to be artistic; and if its main purpose is to prove that to be a true Christian nowadays you must be a fiery zealot and lose your head, then this purpose is defeated not only by its inherent defects, but by the success with which the author shows how his heroine, although she is an actress, can combine a rational perception of life with a fine sense of personal conduct.

Polemically, "The Christian" is a failure. For an attack on the Established Church Mr. Hall Caine has no sort of equipment; and his ignorance of politics is child-like. The opponents of the Establishment will not thank him for his indiscreet enthusiasm in a cause he does not understand. It may be doubted whether the dreamers of what is vaguely called the "Christian life" will feel indebted to Mr. Hall Caine for the martyrdom of John Storm, and for the persistent identification of that visionary with Divine example. Artistically, Storm is redeemed by his love for Gloria, the actress; and the finest thing in the book—the one genuine touch of inspiration—is the murderous delirium to which he is excited by the conflict between his passion and his spiritual mission. Gloria was his little playmate in earlier days; and when she is launched upon London, first in a remarkable hospital, and then in theatrical life, his love grows apace, though, from his religious standpoint, she is engaged in the devil's work. Mr. Hall Caine has admirably suggested the unconscious bias of the man's mind against the profession of which the woman becomes an ornament. What Storm supposes to be righteous anger is really jealousy—jealousy which cheats his ascetic mind and inflames his hungry heart till he is possessed by the insane idea that he must kill the girl to save her soul. In the strongest and most truly dramatic scene of the whole book he comes within an ace of murder, a catastrophe averted by the girl's courage and the astute subtlety of her appealing tenderness. That scene atones for many offences against art and truth; but Mr. Hall Caine does not seem to perceive how it deranges his scheme. It is not by his exalted crusade, but by his human weakness, that Storm commands our interest. Martyrdom may be very imposing, but a martyr who has very nearly been a murderer, driven to insane fury by jealous passion, does lose somewhat of his angelic panoply. It is impossible to read without a smile his vehement denunciations of the stage and players.

Gloria herself is an excellent study of the histrionic temperament, quite compatible with wholesome honesty. She feels that the "cycle of sanity" is preferable, after all, to "moments of Divine madness," which are mad beyond question, but of dubious divinity, though she is foolish enough to accompany Drake to the "Corinthian," and to kiss him in thoughtless ecstasy over his sermon. Does Mr. Hall Caine really believe that an actress of Glory Quayle's position could be seen in such a place? She goes to the Derby with Drake naturally enough; she slips into the slang of the theatrical dressing-room, and Mr. Hall Caine shows with great finesse how this is due to the exuberance of a plastic nature, and not to a decline of tone; but she could no more have gone to the "Corinthian" and kissed Drake as a reward for his rant about "Divine madness" to the disreputable crew she found there, than she could have danced the can-can on the steps of St. Paul's. Mr. Hall Caine has done injustice to a woman

who, in most respects, is excellently imagined and observed. She has a creditable love of life and colour and innocent pleasure; and it is an ill fate which has bound her to a man who is a creature of violent extremes, seeking in a frenzied asceticism escape from his own natural passions. He so far prevails in the struggle with her temperament that she throws up her career, marries him when he lies dying, and begins the world again as his widow and the heiress of his mission. This is pathetic, but scarcely plausible. It is brought about by the mechanism of the story rather than by natural evolution. It is Mr. Caine's fault if his readers are sceptical about the religious absorption of his heroine. He has made it entirely factitious, as factitious as the assumption that such a man as John Storm is qualified for the superlative distinction of the Christian.

But, with all its faults, this is, in many ways, a notable book, written with romantic *verve*, and though of slight

him entitled "Broken Bonds." The title rather suggested the *Young Ladies' Journal* than any book written by one of the two greatest novelists of the day, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Hardy has never written any story under this title. Two stories by him are, indeed, associated with the district to which the *Daily Telegraph* assigned the locality of "Broken Bonds": one is "The Trumpet Major"—one of Mr. Hardy's most characteristic novels—and the other a short story entitled "The Melancholy Hussar."

The not too intelligent writer of "Literary Notes" in the *Morning Post* is disturbed by the number of books which have lately appeared concerning the Brontës. At least three books have been published during the last eighteen months, and yet another three are promised within the next year or so. The *Morning Post* gossip quotes Mrs. Oliphant with approval, referring, of course, to her article upon the Brontës in "Women Novelists of the Queen's Reign." There is a considerable amount of misconception on this subject. It is, no doubt, matter for condemnation that a writer or any other public character should suffer literary dissection immediately after death; that his most private letters should be scattered broadcast, and that his most intimate self-communion should be given to an unsympathetic public. It is also debatable whether what Freeman called "chatter about Harriet Shelley" is a particularly profitable occupation. Nevertheless, there comes a time in the career of any author when the public may feel a justifiable desire to obtain all the knowledge it can of his or her personality. Had even Mr. Froude's "Life of Carlyle" been published half a century after the death of Carlyle, the world would have had little of condemnation for it, although that book went far in the direction of intimate revelation. Charlotte Brontë has been dead nearly half a century; her position as a writer of fiction is as strong, and indeed stronger, than when she first wrote. We are, therefore, entitled to ask that everything in the shape of a fact concerning her life should be placed before the public; and in her case the request may be made with more light-heartedness, in that her entirely honourable and self-sacrificing character left no opening whatever for the scandal-monger. Even with the volumes that are threatened, there have not been one-tenth the number of books written about the Brontës that have been written about Byron and other distinguished authors. The life of Miss Brontë has not been submitted to anything like so severe a scrutiny as have the lives of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns. All that we are entitled to ask in reading the books that are promised us by Mr. Horsfall Turner and Mr. W. W. Yates is that they should contain fresh facts, and that they should leave speculation alone.

The people who deprecate this Brontë study are strangely ignorant of the very elements of the subject. Their ignorance, of course, is not criminal; it is perfectly open for a man of letters to decline to read a single novel by the Brontës or a single book about them. He may ignore all the fiction written by women and all the biographies concerning these women, and may restrict himself, if he chooses, to male writers only; but he should not write about a subject of which he is ignorant. Mr. Saintsbury

demurred to the detailed study of the Brontë story, and then went on to attribute the authorship of "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" to Emily Brontë. Mrs. Oliphant also objected to this close attention to the subject, and then made some twenty actual errors of fact in writing half-a-dozen pages about the Brontës, while many of her most important quotations were derived from a book which she apparently thought should not have been published.

The hope expressed by the *Morning Post* writer that Mr. W. W. Yates's book, "The Father of the Brontës," would prove less inquisitorial than the majority of volumes in this library of Brontë biography is peculiarly silly, because of the fact that the only book which has dealt harshly with Mr. Brontë, and depicted him in unkindly colours, was Mrs. Gaskell's work, written while Mr. Brontë was still alive. Mrs. Gaskell had herself to withdraw some of her charges in later editions, and each succeeding biographer has attempted in some measure to qualify Mrs. Gaskell's not very favourable picture of the old man.

Messrs. Blackwood, in anticipation of the expiration of copyright next year of George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life," announce a sixpenny edition of those powerful stories.

C. K. S.



WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXVII.—MR. HALL CAINE.

Mr. Thomas Henry Hall Caine, whose new novel, "The Christian," is reviewed in these columns, is a native of the Isle of Man, which he has long since endeared to his readers. Born forty-four years ago, he was educated first at Manx schools and subsequently at Liverpool, and, like Mr. Thomas Hardy, was intended for the profession of an architect. Having developed his literary faculties, however, by writing for various architectural publications, he eventually became a journalist, and for some six years wrote leaders for the *Liverpool Mercury*. Friendship with Dante Rossetti brought him to London in 1882, and in the same year he published an elaborate sonnet-antology, "Recollections of Rossetti"; a *Life of Coleridge* and "Cobwebs of Criticism" followed, and in 1885 his first romance, "The Shadow of a Crime," proclaimed the advent of a new novelist of exceptional strength. "A Son of Hagar," "The Deemster," "The Bondman," "The Scapegoat," and "The Manxman" have since won a very great popularity by reason of their picturesqueness and their tragic power. Mr. Caine has travelled in Russia and Poland as the representative of the Russo-Jewish Committee on behalf of the persecuted Jews, and has visited Canada for the arrangement of the Canadian Copyright question with the Dominion Government. He has of late years made his home at Greeba Castle, in the Isle of Man.

philosophic importance, picturesque and imaginative in a high degree. Mr. Hall Caine has made the mistake of assuming that by enlarging his outlook he sees life with greater clearness and steadiness. The truth is, that he has missed its most essential proportions; but, for all that, there is so much magic in his craft that he is always interesting even when most unconvincing.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

In the new and beautiful edition of "Diana of the Crossways" which Messrs. Constable have just published, Mr. George Meredith retracts the story associated with Mrs. Norton of her giving important political information to the *Times*. "A lady of high distinction for wit and beauty," he writes, "the daughter of an illustrious Irish House, came under the shadow of a calumny. It has latterly been examined and exposed as baseless. The story of 'Diana of the Crossways' is to be read as fiction." It will be remembered that Lord Dufferin vindicated his famous relative at a recent meeting of the Irish Literary Society, and hence Mr. Meredith's retraction.

The *Daily Telegraph* somewhat startled Mr. Thomas Hardy's admirers some days ago by referring to a work by





"JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS MEETING."

By A. Weatherstone.



## "THE GARDEN OF SUFFOLK."

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

What shall I call it? Bike-land? Beach-land? or Link-land? I am fairly puzzled. I certainly have never seen so many "bikes" on one given sea-front, scudding, whirling, and practising for "tortoise races" and "champagne-bottle zig-zag tricks" for our local gymkhanas as I do daily while smoking my morning pipe on a comfortable bench in front of the White Lion, Aldeburgh-on-Sea, with the full breeze blowing in my face straight across the German Ocean from Norway. And I assure you we are not ashamed of our beach, adorned as it has been ever since the days of Good Queen Bess with a Moot Hall, which is the pride of archaeologists and the envy of enthusiastic artists, who sit at their easels in the shade trying to catch the glorious reds and browns of the age-worn bricks and quaint oak staircase. The cliffs of Old England, white, ruddy-hued, or grey, chalk, sandstone, or poppy-crowned, having been used up elsewhere, we have no desire to be envious, and so with grave contentment put up with our beach and our incomparable air, knowing that we also have waving cornfields not a quarter of a mile from the "wine-dark sea" and scarlet poppies by the thousand, and a wind-swept moor covered with acres and acres of purple heather, which bonny Scotland would not disclaim, and treasures of space and bunkers which are very dear indeed to the patrons of the royal game of golf. Nor are we in any way loth to own that Aldeburgh-on-Sea was the birthplace of the much neglected but eminently readable poet-parson, the Rev. George Crabbe, "an honest, manly, pure, and characteristically English writer," whose memory and good deeds are faithfully preserved in the fine old Suffolk church that I pass every day on my way from the purple moorland to the shingly beach.

And now that I have told you what we have in the way of treasures at Aldeburgh-on-Sea, in addition to profound peace, an absence of all noise, and the careering shout of the triumphant tripper, I will gently suggest the dreadful seaside things which in our Suffolk paradise are not on show. We have no pier, thank Heaven for it! no ticket-collector at one end and concerts at the other, no penny-in-the-slot machines, no dab fishing at the pier-head. We have no bands and no niggers—Uncle Sam and Squash and their brethren are amply employed in the direction of Yarmouth and Lowestoft on the sands. Some peripatetic German minstrels and a wandering Italian boy with a monkey put in a casual appearance recently, but they were driven away into the wilds again, put to flight by the solemn silence which is our pride. You cannot conceive how gloriously quiet we are at Aldeburgh-on-Sea. Noise with us is a crime unspeakable. When, as we bask and doze and dream at sunny mid-day, soothed almost to sleep with the delicious air and the swishing of the gentle waves "that amorously kiss the pebbled shore," the town-crier comes round with a bell and disturbs the stillness with his "Oyez! Oyez!" and the feeble announcement that a young lady has lost her

pocket-handkerchief behind the famous Aldeburgh Lifeboat, we should like, if we had sufficient energy, to rush at that town-crier and haul him, bell and all, into the sea, or, if he prefers fresh water, to fling him into the river Alde, beloved and described by Wilkie Collins, which is tolerably handy. The beautiful young ladies with the snow-white skirts and milk-white shoes, who ride their bikes with zig-zag style, who sit up so straight in the saddle, who nip on and off with such startling rapidity, and beat all the parsons and scorchers at the bicycle meets and exercise grounds, at the gymkhanas held in the lovely picturesque Saxmundham Park, aid us considerably in our suppression of noise. For they never dream of ringing a bell on any possible occasion, which is, no doubt, good for the harassed nerves of hard-worked men and women, but a little awkward for the *un peu distrait* pedestrians

lunch at the White Lion in Mrs. Beaton's cosy little pink parlour, and we would ask her for a couple of those tiny lobsters fresh caught on the beach, or a dish of sweet solelettes—they can scarcely be called soles—or possibly, as a great treat, a dish of her famous shrimp sandwiches as a *hors d'œuvre*. And then, having lunched well and lighted our pipes, we would ask the mysterious Suffolk coachman, the man of impenetrable silence, to harness the pony-cart for such a drive as I doubt if you have ever enjoyed before. Off we would go over the heather moor by Friston, passing a couple of lovely farms and tiny toy villages on our way to Saxmundham, where, take my word for it, a right royal welcome awaits us. We are in luck's way. There is a cricket-match in the park over against Saxmundham Church on the hill, and I will show you what I take to be the prettiest village

cricket-ground in all England. Here they play cricket and tennis in summer and football in the winter on a pitch which could not be beaten at Lord's or the Oval. Here they hold bicycle gymkhanas, which I will describe to you on another occasion, and here the country folk and the parsons assert themselves as is their wont to do. But we must not leave Saxmundham without paying a visit to Mr. Ashford, opposite the Bell, to see as fine a collection of old china, old glass, and old English furniture as can be found in this country, rich in antiquities. Here, in these galleries and store-houses, I inwardly break the last of the Ten Commandments religiously, and still come away a far poorer man than when I entered the well-known old curiosity shop. But we must not remain at Saxmundham beyond tea-time. Harness the pony once more and turn his head towards Middleton, for we will drive that way to "Our Village," one of the most picturesque spots in all England. This is just the time to see Yoxford at its best. The sun is sinking behind the trees in the Rookery Park, from behind which there peeps a glimpse of the church spire, and on the old bowling-green attached to this most delightful inn the villagers are peacefully enjoying in semi-silence the ancient monkish game. How exquisitely reposeful the scene is! The "many-wintered crow has led the clanging rookery home." And then,

after a brief interval of evening primrose twilight, out comes the August moon, flooding the whole country-side and making mysterious shadows dance about in its silver rays of pale cold light. On such a summer moonlit night, the soft air scented with corn and roses, we drive homewards, speechless with the pleasure of peace. The day is done! Night sinks on the sea! There is silence now indeed!

Wells has the honour of possessing as one of its citizens the oldest chorister in England. Mr. T. Wicks, who took part in the service in St. Paul's Cathedral on June 22, has been a chorister for sixty-three years, out of which he has been fifty-two years in Wells Cathedral. Mr. Wicks, who is still hale and hearty, sang at the coronation of King William IV.



St George's Chapel.

and.  
St George's Tower.

ROYAL WINDSOR.

who are taking romantic pilgrimages to Thorpe, or Sizewell, and find themselves helplessly sprawling on their backs on a pebbly common.

But the special glory of Aldeburgh is that you are not obliged to sit on the beach all day and throw stones into the sea, and read Mr. Hall Caine's "The Christian," or discuss the picture of the hospital nurse, or the morals of the modern music-hall. Once safely here you are at the wicket-gate of the Garden of Suffolk. There is a great deal more here besides *pontus et aer*, I can assure you.

If you were only with me to-day—this glorious sunlit August day, with the roses and sweet peas and carnations all in full bloom in the cottage gardens, with the splendid harvest in full swing and the barns crowded up with fresh wheat hour after hour—I will tell you what I should do with you, old and faithful friend of mine. We would



## ROYAL WINDSOR.

Illustrations by Herbert Railton.

If any one of our great national edifices has been favoured adequately to express its purpose by its outward aspect, that edifice is surely Royal Windsor. At once palace and fortress, the white castle on the hill tells a twofold tale

impress its form on the place. To-day, despite its many adjuncts of later palatial architecture, Windsor Castle is the typical Norman fortress. Its famous keep, the Round Tower, still dominates the pile, and gives reason, as it were, to all the topography. For around the central keep there grew up of necessity a central "Ward." Lower down the ridge again a church arose, and beyond it other great towers. This new group of buildings, when flanked and strengthened, ultimately came to be known as the Lower Ward. Beyond the keep, again, towards the east, the monarchs devised for themselves a more sumptuous lodging. In pre-Tudor days there were palace apartments there, and extensions and improvements carried on from Elizabeth's time to Victoria's at last gave us the Upper Ward.

In a general view of Windsor Castle, the two most striking features of the Lower Ward are St. George's Chapel and the Curfew Tower. The latter has in recent years undergone considerable alteration at the summit. Generally speaking, however, the Curfew Tower and the defences nearest to it have suffered little change since they were projected by Henry II. and Henry III. and finished by Edward III. In the Curfew Tower the inner side of the roof is cut sheer away. This gives to the tower a peculiar effect, but is strictly in accordance with Norman methods; and those who remember an earlier roof declare that the present design is an improvement. At the basement is the ringing-chamber, a fine vaulted apartment, where a set of old stocks is preserved. This chamber was formerly used as a guard-room.

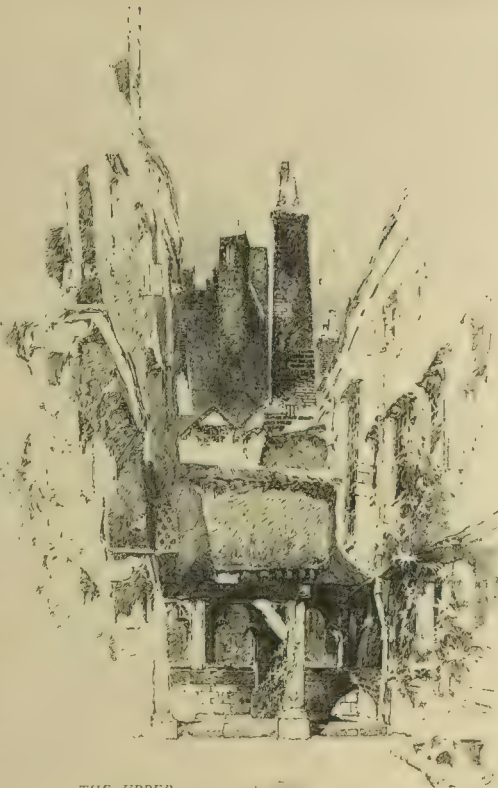
St. George's Chapel, which lifts its noble and delicate proportions in peaceful contrast to the stern military towers and bastions, had Edward III. for founder and Chaucer for its earliest builder. The good work lapsed for a time. Under Richard II., and the three Henrys who succeeded him, the chapel made no progress, but Edward IV. found time, for all his wars, to restore and extend the sacred shrine. In the chapel are the stalls of the Garter Knights, each decorated with its occupant's escutcheon and overhung with his banner. Beneath St. George's is the burial-place of England's Kings. East of

of strength and splendour well befitting the foundation of that monarch whose rule was strength and whose oath was *par le splendour*. It is probable that the Normans raised their keep on the site of some ancient British earthwork and palisading, but the early history of Windsor is very dim. The Norman keep, the first building on Windsor Hill of historic certainty, was destined for all time to

the chapel is the Tomb House, otherwise Wolsey's Chapel, or the Albert Chapel, and beyond these are the Upper and Lower Cloisters. The former, though unpretending, is delightfully quaint in its almost tumbledown irregularity. It is situated just above the hundred steps leading down to the town. Westward of the chapel there is yet another cloister, which derives its name from its unusual horse-shoe form. The Horse-Shoe or Fetter Lock Cloister is built in brick and timber, "noggin work." In these apartments the petty canons have their residence. The gate by which the ordinary visitor enters the Castle is situated in the south wall of the Lower Ward, and is named from its founder, Henry VIII. Henry either replaced or enlarged an earlier gate at this place, and reared the two flanking towers. Over the parapet appear the familiar Tudor crests—the rose, portcullis, and fleur-de-lys. Close to this gate there flourished a vineyard, producing a fair wine, but that vanished long ago. In the chamber over the gateway the Governor held his court, where, in his master's name, he dealt out justice to poachers on the Royal Preserves. In Henry's day his gate was strengthened by portcullis and drawbridge, which in these more peaceful days have fallen into abeyance.

A portcullis, however, still remains in the famous Norman Gate between the Middle and the Upper Ward. This portion of Windsor Castle has suffered but little alteration. Indeed, if we except the town front, it is the least altered of all. The apartments over this archway served as prisons during the Civil War, and the captives have left extensive records of their durance vile. The Parliamentary authorities, of their loving kindness, suffered their Royalist prisoners to amuse themselves by cutting their names and cognisances on the walls, the witness whereof, and an interesting one it is, remains unto this day.

Close to the Norman Gate is the Library. In these apartments, which look towards Eton, Queen Elizabeth had her abode. The Library is not always open to the public, but those who are fortunate enough to secure admission will find it



THE UPPER CLOISTER.

rich in literary treasures. Access to the shelves is, of course, the privilege of the few, but the general visitor finds displayed in table-cases a magnificent collection of medals, illuminated manuscripts, Eastern miniatures, and rich old bindings. A beautiful accessory to the decoration of the Library is the woodwork, particularly the Elizabethan chimneypieces along the north wall. The opposite wall is lined with treasure-laden bookshelves, only broken by the deep-set windows, whence the eye may travel as far as the country churchyard immortalised by the poet Gray. Closely adjoining the Library is a little room particularly interesting as the place where Queen Anne received the news of the victory of Blenheim. The Library has other fascinations, too, one of them weird and uncanny; but of the Ghost it is impossible, as Herodotus would say, to speak with certainty.







ROYAL WINDSOR: THE CASTLE VIEWED FROM THE THAMES.

*Drawn by Herbert Ballou.*



### THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

The succession to the important post of Adjutant-General of the Army, which will be vacated by Sir Redvers Buller on Oct. 1 next, has at last been settled by the appointment of General Sir Evelyn Wood, at present Quartermaster-General. The question has been somewhat difficult of decision, not that Sir Evelyn Wood is not, perhaps, the most qualified as well as the most entitled to succeed, but because the claims of the Duke of Connaught have been put forward. It is no secret that his nomination would have been very pleasing in certain august quarters, and that it has been strongly supported by Court influence. But those responsible for the government of the Army have opposed it as a retrograde step. The Adjutant-General stands next the Commander-in-Chief, his second in command, so to speak, replacing him, and often acting for him, in his absence. The arguments that weighed against the Duke of Connaught's appointment to succeed the Duke of Cambridge are of equal force as regards the succession to Sir Redvers Buller. The head of the Army, it was settled, should be the foremost man in the Army, and not a royal Duke; the chief Staff officer should also be the most tried and experienced of soldiers. It was, besides, morally certain that if the Duke of Connaught had got the second, he would in due course have passed naturally up to the first; in other words, the old order of things would have been revived. If there had been any doubt of Wood's fitness, any sound reason for not preserving the long-established practice that the Quartermaster should become the Adjutant-General, a dozen distinguished soldiers could have been brought forward with prior claims to the Duke of Connaught. There is Sir George White, the present Commander-in-Chief in India; Sir Henry Brackenbury, a Staff officer of the widest experience; Sir Robert Grant, at present Inspector-General of Fortifications, an Engineer officer, it is true, but a man of strong administrative



*Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.*

GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, G.C.B., V.C., THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

capacity; Sir Mansfield Clarke, Commander-in-Chief at Madras, who has already won golden opinions at the War Office; a most useful Staff officer, Sir Thomas Biddulph, now Governor of Gibraltar; and one or two more. But Sir Evelyn Wood is to have the appointment, the highest and most coveted position in the Army, and it may be interesting to consider what manner of man he is, what his services have been, what are his qualifications.

No servant of the Queen has a more varied record than Sir Evelyn Wood. He has served both afloat and on shore, in the Navy and in the Army, in cavalry and infantry. He has filled all the regimental grades, served in nearly every kind of Staff appointment; has raised a black regiment, named after himself; has organised a whole army, that of Egypt; has been engaged in all kinds of warfare—battle and siege, attack and defence, pursuit, retreat, and, rare experience with men of his cloth, he has had to pull down the British flag on the eve of victorious advance, under imperative orders from home. Wood began life as a midshipman of the Royal Navy, and was engaged with the Naval Brigade at Inkerman, at the siege of Sebastopol, and the attack on the Redan, when he acted as A.D.C. to Captain Peel. After the Crimean War he went to India, to find more fighting awaiting him in the suppression of the Mutiny. But now he had transferred his services from the sea to the land forces. While still in the Crimea he was gazetted to the 13th Light Dragoons, from which he presently exchanged into the 17th Lancers. But his service in India was chiefly with the irregulars; he was successively Brigade-Major to Benson's famous Horse, then commanded one of its regiments, and afterwards a regiment in Mayne's Horse. Already he bore many honourable decorations, the medals for the Crimea, including the Legion of Honour; the Indian Mutiny medal, and, most treasured of all, the Victoria Cross. Before the end of the Mutiny he had become a Captain in the 17th Lancers, from which he now



*Photo W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

POWERSCOURT, COUNTY WICKLOW, THE SEAT OF LORD POWERSCOURT, TO BE VISITED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.



passed to the infantry, first to the 73rd Regiment, then to the 17th Foot, and finally to the rank of Major, unattached. In the leisure afforded by this withdrawal from regimental employment, he passed into the Staff College, and went through a course of scientific training prescribed for the general Staff of the Army, after which he became successively Brigade-Major, D.A.A.G., and Supervisor of Garrison Instruction.

Meanwhile, he had been brought in from half-pay to a Majority in the 90th Light Infantry, the famous Perthshire Volunteers, raised originally by Sir Thomas Graham Lord Lynedoch, a regiment which has given two Commanders-in-Chief to the British Army, Lord Hill and Lord Wolseley. It was while serving as a Major of the 90th that Wood for a moment contemplated retirement from the Army, feeling disheartened at the narrowness of the career it seemed to offer, and the slowness of his promotion. In the midst of this came the Ashanti War, and the chance that he seized of service under the then young and rising Sir Garnet Wolseley. Wood went out to the Gold Coast as a special service officer, and was entrusted with the formation of a regiment, "Wood's," which did its share of the work in the campaign that followed, and which he commanded at Essiaman, Amofu, and the capture of Coomassie. After this his position in the Army was assured, his advancement rapid. He became a full Colonel and a C.B. on his return to England, and was appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershot. Hereafter, wherever there was war afoot, Wood was certain of employment. He was all through the South African troubles between 1878 and 1881, the Kafir War, the Zulu War, and the war with the Transvaal Boers. In Zululand he had his first independent command, and although he met with bad fortune on the Inhlolane mountain, he won a signal victory over the Zulus at the entrenched camp of Kambula Kop, when it was assailed by forces greatly superior in number. When the conflict with the Transvaal threatened to take very serious proportions, he was despatched to act under the ill-fated Sir George Colley, whom he succeeded in chief command when that fine but unfortunate soldier was killed on Majuba Hill. It fell to Wood to execute the unwelcome instructions of Mr. Gladstone's Government to end the war, a virtual surrender, the odium of which has been, in a measure, visited upon him, although he had seemingly no alternative but to do what he was told. After these momentous operations Wood found himself a K.C.B. and G.C.M.G., and he was specially promoted to the rank of Major-General. He had joined various commands at Belfast and at Chatham, but his services were soon put in requisition by his old chief, and when Wolseley started for the first Egyptian campaign, Wood commanded a brigade in the force, under Sir Edward Hamley, as Divisional General. Hamley, much to his chagrin, was left in command at Alexandria when the army was transferred to Ismailia, the new base on the Suez Canal, and when he at length regained it, the disappointing rôle of remaining behind was Wood's, and he missed thereby the action of Tel-el-Kebir. Yet Egypt was to be the field of a larger usefulness; he was entrusted with the formation of that Egyptian army which is now evincing its excellence and a quite unexpected trustworthiness under Sir Herbert Kitchener. Wood commanded it during the Soudan campaign, when he acted as General commanding the communications.

After a couple of years spent in command of the Eastern District, Sir Evelyn Wood was appointed to the command of the Aldershot Division, returning thus to the familiar ground he had learnt by heart in smaller situations. He ruled Aldershot wisely, but with an unshaken firmness of purpose—that purpose being to secure the highest efficiency. His untiring energy was directed into every channel of drill, discipline, and administration; no slackness or half-heartedness was tolerated under Wood; he revised every branch of the service. The Army owes to him the boon it now enjoys of well cooked meals. He also introduced new methods of supply, avoiding as far as possible the contract system, and obliging supply officers to buy in the open market, thus gaining experience and obtaining the best article. Since Aldershot, Sir Evelyn, as Quartermaster-General of the Army, has gone his way straight to the end. He has ever employed methods of simplicity and directness. Except for a constitutional restlessness that drives him to be always up and doing—to appear often unnecessarily *affairé*—holding many threads at the same time, he has earned the character of a good man of business, who gets work done without difficulties or delays. All this points to his advantage and that of the Service in the new and higher functions that will fall to him. He is still quite young for his age, and his energy and activity are unimpaired.

## ROYAL VISIT TO POWERSCOURT.

The Duke and Duchess of York, who are keen lovers of animal life, will find much to interest them at Powerscourt, the seat of Viscount Powerscourt, near Enniskerry, County Wicklow. Many years ago his Lordship introduced a few Japanese deer into his beautiful demesne. The incomers have thriven exceedingly well, proving more than a match for the native red deer, with whom they have interbred freely. When the gamekeeper blows his horn in the glen, the pretty creatures come bounding to him to be fed. Lord Powerscourt's mansion is splendidly situated on a terrace. In the spacious grand salon, George IV. was entertained when he visited Ireland in 1821. The Powerscourts are descended from the old Suffolk family of Wingfield. They settled in Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Richard Wingfield, who was Marshal of the sister isle, being created Viscount Powerscourt. The present Viscount, who is the seventh, was formerly in the Life Guards. His brother, the late Hon. Lewis Wingfield, was the well-known aesthete. The royal guests are to be entertained by Lord and Lady Powerscourt on Aug. 24, when they will be accompanied by their host and hostess in chief, Lord and Lady Cadogan.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H. M. PRIDEAUX (Bristol).—Thanks for your letter. The problem about which you inquire has not yet reached us.

DENTON.—As we have already told other correspondents, we fear there is some mistake in transcribing the position.

ALPHA.—The Black King escapes at Kt 4th, and there is certainly no mate. We trust your trouble is now over.

H. D'O BERNARD.—(1) As soon as possible. (2) We think you have.

E. W.—There is no mate in Problem No. 2775 by R takes P (ch).

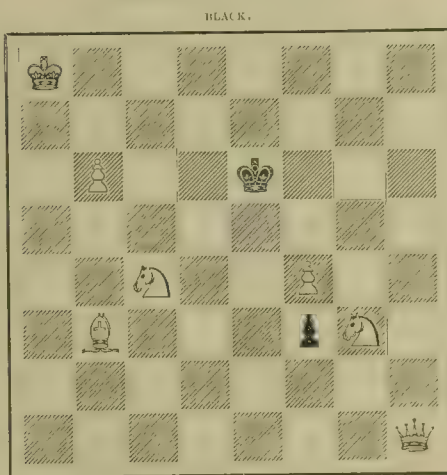
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2777 received from C. A. M. (Perning), Corporal G. A. Gilbert (Perning), and the Rev. Armand De Rosset Meines (Mount Vernon, U.S.A.), of No. 2778 from the Rev. Armand De Rosset Meines; of No. 2779 from Hermit, W. P. K. (Cleveland), E. Worthington (Montreal); of No. 2780 from C. E. M. (Ayr), and C. E. H. (Hilton); of No. 2781 from W. P. C. (Edinburgh), E. G. Boys, F. Wells, H. S. Brandreth (Cortina), C. E. H. (Clifton), John M. Robert (Crossgar, County Down), Dr. Goldsmith (Southsea), S. Davis (Leicester), Hereford, W. P. K. (Cleveland), Trial, C. E. M. (Ayr), E. P. Vulliamy, E. B. Ford (Cheltenham), Hermit, E. Loudon, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. D. Tucker (Leeds).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2782 received from C. M. A. B. C. E. Perning, P. Anderson, Alpha, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Fred Cross (Forest Hill), E. G. Boys, F. Glanville, H. S. Brandreth (Cortina), J. P. Moon, Shadforth, L. Desanges, Edward J. Sharpe, Sorrento, Thomas Mortimer, H. Le Jeune, E. P. Vulliamy, F. Hooper (Putney), Blue, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), L. H. Brooks, E. H. (Clifton), G. Swedenbank (Hidropoli), W. B. Muir (Manchester), Frank Jeffreys (Ilfracombe), J. Bailey (Newark), C. E. M. (Ayr), John G. Lord (Castletown), T. Roberts, C. E. Wright, M. M. (Haggerston), and E. Loudon.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2781.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to Kt 5th. Any move.  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2784.—By W. B. MUIR.



WHITE. BLACK.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Spring Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. T. FAYRICK and HERBERT JACOBS.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	21. Q to B sq	21. Q to B sq
2. P takes P	Kt to K 3rd	22. R to B 2nd	22. R to B 2nd
3. P to 4th		23. P takes B	23. P takes B
It does not appear that P to Q 4th			
defending the Pawn is at all satisfactory			
in its results, as White's attack becomes too			
strong afterwards by P to Q 3rd, etc.			
4. Kt to Q 3rd	Q takes P	24. P to B 5th	24. P to B 5th
5. B to Q 4th	Kt to B 3rd	25. Kt to Kt 3rd	25. Kt to Kt 3rd
6. K Kt to K 2nd	P to K Kt 3rd	26. B to B 2nd	26. B to B 2nd
7. P to K 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	27. Kt to K 2nd	27. Kt to K 2nd
8. B to B 4th	Castles	28. Kt to Q 4th	28. Kt to Q 4th
9. Kt to K 5th	K to K sq	29. K takes Kt	29. K takes Kt
10. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	30. K to Q 2nd	30. K to Q 2nd
11. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	31. Q to Q 2nd	31. Q to Q 2nd
12. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	32. K to K 2nd	32. K to K 2nd
13. Castles	B to Kt 2nd	33. K to R 2nd	33. K to R 2nd
14. Kt to B 2nd	P to K 4th	34. K to K 3rd	34. K to K 3rd
The advance now becomes very effective,			
as it is well followed up.			
15. P takes P	Kt takes P	35. P takes B	35. P takes B
16. B takes B	B takes B	36. P to Q 4th	36. P to Q 4th
17. P to K 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	37. Q takes R	37. Q takes R
18. Q to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	38. R takes R	38. R takes R
19. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd		
20. B to B 2nd	Kt to B 5th		

Another game in the same Tournament between Messrs. T. F. LAWRENCE and H. JACOBS.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	14. Q R to Q sq	14. Q R to Q sq
2. P takes P	Kt to K 3rd	15. B to K 4th	15. B to K 4th
3. P to Q 4th	Q takes P	16. Kt takes Kt	16. Kt takes Kt
If Kt takes P, then White is supposed to			
get a good game by P to K 4th.			
4. Kt to Q 3rd	Q to Q sq	17. Kt to B 4th	17. Kt to B 4th
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	18. Kt takes Kt	18. Kt takes Kt
6. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	19. K takes B	19. K takes B
7. Castles	Castles	20. Q to K 3rd	20. Q to K 3rd
8. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	21. Kt to K 3rd	21. Kt to K 3rd
9. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	22. Q to K 3rd	22. Q to K 3rd
10. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 4th	23. Q to K 2nd	23. Q to K 2nd
11. B to R 6th		24. Kt takes Kt	24. Kt takes Kt
The Bishop being a strong support to			
Black's castled King, it is important for			
White to exchange that piece.			
12. B takes B	Kt to Q 3rd		
13. Q to Kt 5th	Kt to B 5th		

The match between Messrs. Bird and Lee, that has been for some little time in progress at Simpson's Divan, resulted in a victory for the latter player by seven games to four. Mr. Bird made a gallant fight, but, like many another veteran, he has found that time is too strong an ally of his opponents, and when it is remembered that he has been before the public for nearly fifty years, the wonder is that he has done so well.

The Berlin International Tournament will commence on Sept. 13, and it is hoped that a representative gathering of masters will compete for the prizes, varying from £100 downwards. Among the expected players, viz., Pillsbury, Steinitz, Teichgraber, and Tarrasch, it is feared Mr. Lasker will be an absentee. Messrs. Blackburn, Burn, Lee, and Teichgraber may be looked upon to go from England, and possibly others will accompany them. A minor tournament is also being organised, and all entries are to be sent before Aug. 25 to Herr Albert Heyde, Berlin W. Postamt 9.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Last week I alluded to the case for the toad as a destroyer of insect-life which, in the main, belonged to groups or species which are injurious to crops. I showed that the American evidence clearly demonstrated that the toad was a friend, and not a foe, of the agriculturist; while incidentally I alluded to the absurd reports which credited the toad with being a perfect repository of poison. The ancient tales regarding the venomous nature of the toad are, of course, unworthy of credit; and indeed, the whole of the amphibian class—including the newts, frogs, salamanders, and their allies—is marvellously free from poisonous qualities. The remark I made regarding the acrid nature of the skin-secretion in the toad practically sums up all that is offensive in the animal's nature; but Dr. Hewlett, in a recent paper, suggests that in this fluid of the toad is found a substance not at all unlike *digitalin* in its nature. This compound, which is the active principle of the well-known digitalis, may, he suggests, have formed the real basis of the folk-lore reputation enjoyed by the toad as a cure for dropsy. If the likeness of the toad's skin-substance to digitalin is of real character, then possibly that substance might act as does digitalis itself—namely, as a heart-tonic; and the administration of such a remedy in dropsical cases could be perfectly readily suggested and endorsed. Dr. Hewlett draws a chemical distinction between the poison of the toad's and salamander's skin and that found in the poison-glands of snakes.

A correspondent writes to object to my remarks regarding the letter of the butler of Ballechin—that alleged repository of supernatural noises and upturnings in Perthshire. He suggests that earthquake tremors (common in Perthshire, by the way) will not move a bed and replace it. The butler, it will be remembered, alleged that his bed was taken by the foot, whirled to the window, and replaced. I should like to point out to my correspondent that, before he discusses what earthquake tremors may do, he had better be sure the butler and his bed were ever moved at all. This is just the crux of the whole matter. People are often deluded into the idea not merely that their beds are whirling round, but that their rooms also are spinning round with the bed. I do not say an earthquake could move the bed without damaging the house, but earthquake tremors might produce eerie sounds and noises. Let us first of all, however, be sure that the butler and his bed were really "levitated." When this point is proved, it will be quite time to discuss the causes of his elevation.

The Ballechin case, I presume, is that which forms the subject of a long article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, by Miss A. Goodrich-Freer, with whose pseudonym, "Miss X," readers of the "Transactions" of the Society for Psychical Research are familiar enough. Miss Freer's paper is well worth perusal, although she exhibits a certain irritability with sceptics that is not surprising, perhaps, even if it detracts somewhat from the reputation for that calm philosophic attitude in which "researchers" are believed to regard their particular studies. But that which best marks Miss Freer's philosophic position, and which will meet with the hearty approval of everybody whose opinion is worth having, is her contention that unexplained noises in a house by no means implies that they are inexplicable. She tells the story of the non-successful investigation wherein she took part. One can only regret that the search ended as it did. An eminent physicist (who, I believe, is a devotee of the occult) wrote that there was nothing left for him (as a scientist) to do. This declaration sounds somewhat strange, seeing that another scientist suggested the employment of the delicate instruments used for indicating earth-tremors. But one's sympathies are all with Miss Freer. I trust when next she has the chance of investigating a haunted house she will have a free hand and plenty of scientific assistance in running the ghost to earth.

Those who, like myself, have worked in museums in the days of old, when methylated spirits formed the only preservative in common use, must have noted with interest the great advances made of late years in the manner of preserving even very delicate and natural objects for educational purposes. It seems that formalin as a preservative is giving great satisfaction to those whose business it is to prepare anatomical objects. I notice that this substance has of late been successfully employed as a substitute for temporary embalming. A five-per-cent solution of formalin is injected into the blood-vessels of the dead body, the amount thus used being equal to a third of the body in weight. A body so treated retains all its natural appearance, all decomposition is arrested, and no odour is perceptible. The experiments to which I have alluded showed that for about six weeks at least the preservative influence of this substance remained unimpaired, and this even in a fairly high temperature. The discovery is worth noting by those whose business leads them to deal with the preservation of living structures, and its simplicity is one of its most powerful recommendations.

One of the most novel and extraordinary advertisements I have lately seen quoted is that of a New Zealand butcher, who advertises that having now secured the services of a University man for his small goods department, he can "supply the real Cambridge and Oxford sausages at a very moderate price." I have heard of University men driving cabs, and even acting as waiters and dock labourers, but I think the New Zealand butcher has discovered a new use, and not exactly a sweet one, for the adversities of others.

A correspondent asks me for details regarding the size of the big cuttlefishes or squids, which are common off the Newfoundland coast and in other regions. It is these big animals which I have long contended are most frequently mistaken for "sea-serpents." Their size is difficult to estimate, but it is certain that in many cases, including the long arms or tentacles, a length of at least fifty feet is common. Huge animals of this description are also met with in the South Seas, where they battle with the whales, of whose food they form the chief item.



## THE INDIAN FRONTIER DISTURBANCES.

*From Photographs supplied by Major-General R. Eardley-Wilmot, C.B.*

The disturbances on the North-West Frontier of India have assumed a serious appearance, which seems to show that they are more than the merely ineffectual outcome of the preachings of a few fanatical Mullahs, and it is very generally believed that a preconceived attempt has been made by the Sultan of Turkey, as the head of the Mohammedan religion, through his subject, the Ameer of Afghanistan, to proclaim a "Jehad," or Holy War, against the "Infidels" of Christian England. The same thing occurred in 1877, just before the last Kabul war. Envoys were sent through India, and though they were accredited from the Sultan as proceeding north on an amicable expedition, it was subsequently proved that their intention was anything but favourable to the British rule in India. The success of the Turks against Greece is what we must probably look to as the cause of this Mohammedan outburst of defiance.

Our most northern cantonment in India, Peshawar, is about seventeen miles from the mouth of the Khyber Pass, and is surrounded by a circle of small forts, namely, Forts Mackeson, Jamrood, Michni, Shabkadr, Abazai, and Hoti Mardan, at which is located that gallant corps "The Guides." The Fort of Shabkadr, which was successfully held by a small force of border police last week against the fanatical Mullah of Hadda and his followers, is one of three garrisons in the heart of the Mohmand country, the scene of the latest of the series of risings. The fort is only a few miles from Peshawar, where there is always stationed a large force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry.



FORT ABAZAI, ON THE SWAT RIVER.



FORT SHABKADR, SUCCESSFULLY HELD AGAINST THE ATTACK OF THE MULLAH OF HADDA, AUGUST 7.

follow the recent disturbances, but for the moment the disaffected tribesmen appear to have been cowed by the prompt action of the British military authorities. The Mohmand raiders, who threatened the fort of Shabkadr, have been completely routed by General Elles and Lieutenant-Colonel Moon, who were promptly despatched with a force of upwards of a thousand men from Peshawar. The 13th Bengal Lancers made a splendid charge, and the Mohmand losses in the engagement were very heavy. The great losses of the hostile tribesmen at Malakand has had the effect of making the disaffected occupants of the Lower Swat Valley offer a complete submission, and the advance into the Upper Valley of the Swat region now being conducted by Sir Bindon Blood will probably complete the subjection of the tribesmen. In view of the disturbed state of the frontier country, however, military precautions are progressing apace. A couple of reserve brigades have been ordered to Rawal Pindi, and strong reinforcements are being assembled at Kohat. Meantime, the Indian Government has expressed to the Ameer of Afghanistan its strong displeasure at the countenance which he has given to the rebellious tribesmen. It is at present uncertain how far the Ameer has been concerned in the risings, but there prevails a strong suspicion that although he has not openly assisted the rebels, he has indirectly encouraged them. The General of his army is known to have been in constant intercourse with the Mullah of Hadda.

The Mohmand tribe, though a large one, does not resemble its immediate neighbours, the Bonerwals, in being conspicuous for warlike qualities.

We have nothing to fear from the Mohmands or the Yuzufzais, but if the Bonerwals rise and the Afridi tribes also, it will mean a big business. In the last fight we had at Ambala, we had eventually over 17,000 troops in the field, and on more than one occasion the Bonairs drove our British troops from their picquet posts, and the number of British officers killed and wounded was unprecedented in proportion to that of non-commissioned officers and privates. The Afghans and the mountain tribes around Peshawar are noted for their treacherous character. The country of the Mohmands extends along the left bank of the river Kabul from Jellalabad in Kabul territory to a little beyond Abazai, the fort of which an illustration is here given. These forts are garrisoned by cavalry and artillery detachments sent out from Peshawar. Fort Michni, which stands on the left bank of the Kabul river at a point not far from the gorge by which the river flows through the mountains, was designed by the late Lord Napier of Magdala, and is capable of resisting the attack of any enemy not assisted by artillery. Many officers of experience are, however, of opinion that the fort has been erected on the wrong side of the river, for the water frequently comes down in flood, and the fort is for the time being practically cut off from its military base, Peshawar Cantonments, some eighteen miles distant. It remains to be seen if further risings will



MICHNI FORT, SIXTEEN MILES FROM PESHAWAR.





1. A Prisoner in Irons. 2. Guard-Room of the Prison. 3. Moorish Soldier. 4. A Visitor at the Prison Door. 5. Interior of the Prison.

THE PRISON AT TANGIER.



## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

The varied possibilities of the homely fabric serge have been brought forcibly before my mind this week. I have been interviewing dozens of gowns made of this—gowns whose destination neither wild horses nor amiable editors shall wrest from me, but whose details would certainly adorn a



DRESS OF PALE BLUE MUSLIN.

tale of fashion in simple frocks. One was of white serge, with the skirt braided perpendicularly in lines of fanciful gold galloon, the waistcoat and collar cut in one, made of red and white striped material showing a shirt of white, with a necktie and band of black; gold buttons appeared on the little coat, which was of the Eton shape. Another serge gown was of a sad shade of pink; three rows of thick white crewel embroidery were round the hem of the skirt, while the little pouched jacket was entirely covered with the embroidery in white crewel; the shirt-front was of white tucked lawn, the belt and collar-band of black and white striped silk. This was crowned by a pale pink straw hat, with a scarf of pink chiffon wound round it, and a bunch of shaded pink wings at one side. A dark blue serge dress was rendered particularly attractive by a coat of white piqué, braided in dark blue, the revers of this being faced with dark blue and white check, while the shirt was of white, and the necktie of the check again. A very attractive dark red serge had conventional patterns of red galloon, looking for all the world like furniture gimp, extending from the waist to the hem, the jacket being of the Eton shape, trimmed again with the galloon, but faced with white drill and strappings of the red serge decorating the revers, while the waistcoat was formed of white muslin tied into a large bow at the neck. A novelty was a green serge braided in white, the skirt showing triple rows of the braid at the knees, at the hem, and at the hips, while the coat, which was of the pouched shape, was also braided in straight lines set into groups of three, and the shirt front was of white muslin, tucked and striped with little rows of black velvet baby ribbon, the little cravat being of the muslin with the ends hommed again with black velvet ribbon. By the way, what a popular trimming black velvet ribbon is! It intrudes its influence upon bodices of Valenciennes, and also trims many of the muslin skirts, being used to outline the insertions with excellent effect. Black velvet also plays an important part on Panama hats, being allowed to bind the brims and form the choux which cover the bandeaux; and again the rosette of velvet will put in its appearance to catch the drapery of cream-coloured lace at one side and conceal the stems of the black and white ostrich feathers which so frequently complete such millinery.

Viewing fashion broadly, black and white are really in highest favour, and most of the attractive dresses which are at the moment fretting their hour at Ostend are of white muslin or black crêpe de chine. The best of the millinery is undoubtedly that either in black or in white—black chip hats lined with white chip and trimmed with black feathers rivaling successfully white chip hats trimmed with white gauze draperies and white wings.

The pure white linen dresses of absolutely simple detail, with sac-jackets worn with elaborate shirts of batists with lace appliqué and huge batiste bows at the neck, have a great vogue abroad, where it is noticeable that white boots and shoes are ubiquitous, and that even the simplest cotton gown will be worn in conjunction with gold châtelaines and long chains of pearls.

I have just remembered another serge dress which I saw among that group whose charms are really too excellent to be overlooked. It was of blue serge, and the coat was cut in the ordinary covert-coat shape, fastening invisibly down the front, but boasting a somewhat larger collar than is usual on such garments; and this collar is the point of the story of elegance. It was faced with white sailcloth hemmed with an inch-wide band of red and white checked linen, and it was worn with a fine batiste shirt, elaborately hem-stitched down the front, the hem-stitched collar turning down at the neck over a necktie of the red and white check.

Soft hem-stitched collars have somewhat taken the place of the stiff linen stock which we patronised in the early part of the season, and to the young throat there are few more becoming styles than the linen collar in the large turn-down shape, pointing into a V just to show the throat and bearing pointed corners. This looks equally well on a plain bicycling shirt of linen or of flannel, and lends itself to any elaboration in the way of ties. Ties are very important features of our wardrobe during the summer, and if you wish to lay in a moderate stock of these let me recommend as the most effective a tie of black silk, a tie of white muslin, a tie of black and white striped silk, and a tie of green plaid silk. One of these will amably accompany a costume of any plain description. Belts also deserve special attention at this time of the year, and if you want to limit your number of these I would beg you to bestow your best affections on a belt of gold galloon (fastened with a diamond hook-and-eye, this will look its best), a belt of black and white stripe, a belt of tan-coloured suede. But, of course, if economy is no object, merely a decorative belt being the desire, then you may further add to such a collection a belt of coloured enamel and oxidised silver, a belt of white leather, and a belt of green leather fastened with a silver buckle; and you must not omit from the list, of course, a belt of black satin, while an invaluable addition to a light coloured muslin dress is the belt formed of two shades of the same colour in glacé silk fastened at one side into a choux with assertive ends. But let me describe my illustrations. The one represents a dress of pale blue muslin, the crossed bodice showing frills of lace with black velvet, while the skirt is decorated to match. The other picture is of a buff batiste, edged with black velvet ribbon on each frill, and the sash is of black chiffon. The bodice is cut a little low at the neck, *à la vraie Parisienne*.

PATLINA PRY.

## NOTES.

Madame Nordica's many friends and admirers will be glad to know that she is able to go out driving, and is practically well again. She asks that thanks, through the Press, may be accepted by the very numerous friends who made kind inquiries.

There was a time in this country, under the old Poor Law—prior to 1834—when nearly all the labourers on the land were practically put up to auction like slaves. Wages were confessedly—one might almost say intentionally—fixed too low for the maintenance of a family, and labourers were forbidden by the Vagrancy Laws to travel from place to place in the endeavour to find better-paid employment. If a man were found “wandering,” as it was called, he was arrested, punished, and then returned to his own parish; thus it came about that the supply of labour in any particular district was not at all proportioned to the demand, and the labourers who had large families were perfectly unable to support them except by the aid of a parish allowance. The Poor Law thus became what the political economists call “a rate in aid of wages,” a practice fatal to all the qualities that make for national progress and individual excellence. As a consequence of this arrangement, the overseers had a claim upon the services of the labourer, for the theory of the old Poor Law was that any man accepting parish relief should be set to work, at the orders of the overseer, in order to recoup the parish for what was spent on him; and as almost every man had to accept parish relief (as soon as he became the father of a family, at any rate), it followed that the overseers had the disposal of the labour of the entire parish, and partitioned the men out to the farmers in accordance with their wants. As, however, it will, under any conditions, be found to be the fact that some men are worth much more than others as workers, there were some whom all the farmers desired to have, and others, confirmed loafers or grumblers, whom nobody wanted. To meet this difficulty, and at the same time to get as large a return to the parish funds as possible, it was actually the usual practice to put the labourers up to auction amongst the farmers, not exactly at a public meeting, but at a semi-private one, where each farmer offered the highest wages that he felt disposed to give to secure the services of particular labourers from the parish authorities.

Though this was altogether deplorable and degrading to free men, it is, nevertheless, interesting to know that it used to be found possible to get a certain amount of work out of every man by the pressure of the law, and that the loafer and the drunkard had a less good chance then of flinging himself and his family entirely upon the labour of his wife or the public funds than he has at the present day.

So far as the law goes, there is now nothing at all to compel a labouring man to work if he wishes and can induce his wife to work for him. But it appears that there is still in America, as a survival from past times, a law similar to the old Poor Law of Elizabeth, in so far that it seizes an idle man and orders him to work for his family. Though it has not been put in force for many years, there still does exist in St. Louis a law under which an idle man may be sold at auction to the highest bidder for a term of six months' service for deserting his wife and failing to support her. The law is about to be applied in the case of a confirmed loafer, and an announcement of his sale is posted on the front door of the city court-house.

Here, even the laws that have been made for providing maintenance for married women and their families in case of desertion have always carefully guarded to the utmost the right of the lazy man to loaf. Both Mr. Pulley's original Act, passed ten years ago, for the maintenance of wives in case of desertion, and the amended Act of Mr. Justice Byrne, which came into operation last year, provided that a man shall only be required to make an allowance to his family if his wife can show that he does in fact make an income for himself—that he might make one but does not is not taken into account; and further, it is provided that what the man is to give to his family is only to be fixed after deducting what his wife possesses or earns on her own account. In regard to this matter, the experience of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is very instructive. Their Act of Parliament has in it a provision that a father may be prosecuted for “conduct likely to cause suffering” to his children, and under the persuasion of the society, a considerable number of magistrates have been induced to read this section of the law as applying to a man who refuses to work to find food for his children—conduct which is truly calculated to “cause them unnecessary suffering.” In accordance with this reading of the section, lazy fathers whose children were left in want of the necessities of life have in a good many cases been sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

The testimony of the society is that the results have almost invariably been happy. It is not merely that the man who finds that his choice is between working in freedom and for wages and working in prison for his scanty food, discovers that he prefers the former course, and though he may for years beforehand have professed that he could not find work, under these circumstances gets something to do; but in addition to that, he actually becomes a better and more amiable person in his house in consequence of doing his duty by it. It is an old and true observation that a man always hates anyone whom he has injured; and the father who detested his children while he kept them half-starved and almost unclothed, and who loathed his wife while he made her do all the work for the support of



A BUFF BATISTE COSTUME.

the family, becomes transformed into an affectionate and a happy parent as soon as he is compelled to do his duty to his family, to provide his children with the necessities of life, and to set his wife to some extent free from the overwork and constant sense of irritation under which a woman must suffer when cursed with a lazy and a drunken husband. Perhaps, if we think it over long enough, we may see our way to some wider alteration in our laws to bring about more uniformly this reformation of the loafer.

F. F.-M.



My friends know well my name is **BROOKE**, but yet on every hand,  
In sportive familiarity, I'm called: "**OLD MONKEY BRAND!**"  
And when they see me advertise, in various change of pose,  
They smile as they remember that I **WON'T WASH CLOTHES!**

**WON'T WASH CLOTHES.**

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 24, 1895), with two codicils (dated Dec. 28, 1896, and June 2, 1897), of Mr. John Grant Morris, J.P., of 36, Grosvenor Place, and Merton Priory, near Liverpool, who died on June 22, was proved on Aug. 10 by Christopher Morris, Herbert Picton Morris, Thomas Case Morris, and Percy Copeland Morris, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £298,991. The testator bequeaths £20,000, upon trust, for the family of his deceased son William Baines Morris; £20,000, upon trust, for the children and other issue of his late daughter Mrs. Mary Robinson; £10,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Elizabeth Ann Hansard, Julia Daglish, Emily Houghton, Dame Millicent Case Bagge, Constance Wyllie, and Edith Le Blanc Garrett; a conditional further legacy of £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Lady Bagge; and there are other gifts to children, and legacies to executors, servants, and others. All legacy, succession, estate settlement, and other death duties on the bequests made by him are to be paid out of his residuary estate. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to, or upon trust for, his sons John Grant Morris, Christopher Morris, Thomas Case Morris, Herbert Picton Morris, and Percy Copeland Morris, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1890), with a codicil (dated March 19, 1896), of Mr. John Dearman Birchall, J.P., of Bowden Hall, near Gloucester, who died on June 11, was proved in London on Aug. 7 by Edward Birchall, Robert Benson Jowitt, Theodore Crewdson, and John Dearman Birchall, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £169,241. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Gloucester General Infirmary; £200 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Church of England Temperance Society, and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol's Church and School Fund; £100 to the Gloucester District Nursing Institution; £8000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Clara Sophia Sinclair, who is otherwise amply provided for; and legacies to executors, relatives, and others. He gives the mansion-house, Bowden Hall, with the furniture and effects, and all his lands and hereditaments in the parishes of Upton St. Leonards, and Barnwood, Gloucestershire, to his eldest son John Dearman Birchall. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children except his said daughter.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1895), with two codicils (dated March 16, 1896, and July 7, 1897), of Mr. Joseph Oldfield, of 3, Ladbroke Square, who died on July 7, was proved on July 26 by Mrs. Henrietta Oldfield, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £51,694. The testator gives the following shares in J. and G. Oldfield, Limited—namely, 199 each to his daughters Henrietta Madeline Oldfield and Edith Oldfield; 98 to his daughter Agnes Laura Oldfield; 99 to his son George William Oldfield; 199 each to his sons, Joseph Ernest Oldfield, the

Rev. Alfred Edwards Oldfield, and upon trust for Walter Clement Oldfield, and 2150, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her decease as to 250 each to his daughters Edith, Henrietta, and Agnes, and his sons Alfred, Joseph, and George, and upon trust for his son Walter, and the remaining 400 upon trust for his daughter Helen Lucy Oldfield. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated March 31, 1884) of Mr. Richard Chrimmes, of Moorgate Grange, Rotherham, Yorkshire, who died on April 26, was proved in London on Aug. 2 by Mrs. Mary Chrimmes, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £100,062. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal property, estate, and effects, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated March 7, 1877), with two codicils (dated Jan. 10, 1880, and Feb. 25, 1892), of Mr. Edward Lancaster, J.P., of Keresforth Hall, Barnsley, Yorkshire, who died on June 20, was proved on July 29 by Edward George Lancaster and Thomas Lancaster, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £50,460. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Leeds Infirmary, the Beckett Hospital and Dispensary (Barnsley), the schools in connection with St. John's Church, Barnsley, the Wesleyan Chapel, Pitt Street, Barnsley, and the British and Foreign Bible Society. He further gives his household furniture, and all articles of domestic use and ornament, and £10,000, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Lancaster, and £1000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Fanny Jane Shaw. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one quarter thereof each to his sons Edward George Lancaster, Thomas Lancaster, and William James Lancaster, and the remaining quarter, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Shaw.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1896) of General Robert Walter McLeod Fraser, of the United Service Club, and 12, Norfolk Crescent, who died on June 13, was proved on Aug. 2 by Miss Mary McLeod Fraser, the daughter, and Major Robert Hugh Fraser, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £24,231. The testator gives all his stocks, shares, debentures, and rent charges of the Great Western, South-Western, Great Northern, and Highland Railways, upon trust, for his daughter Mary for life, and then to all his grandchildren in equal shares. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons, Robert Hugh Fraser and John Randal Fraser, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1894) of Mr. Marriage Wallis, J.P., of Springfield, Patcham, Sussex, who died on June 1, was proved on July 26 by William Clarkson Wallis and Edwin Arthur Wallis, the sons, and Albert Joseph Crosfield, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £24,496. The testator bequeaths £10,000, upon trust for, and £500 to his daughter, Mrs. Gulielma Crosfield; £4000 to

his son, Edwin Arthur Wallis; £100 to the Young Men's Christian Association (Brighton); £100 each to the children of his brother, Arthur, and to his niece, Richenda Wallis; and legacies to grandchildren and servants. He devises his freehold premises, Southover Street, Brighton, now used as the Police Institute, with the cottages in the rear, to his son William Clarkson Wallis; and his freehold hereditaments at West Cowes, Isle of Wight, to his son Edwin Arthur Wallis. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three children, William Clarkson Wallis, Edwin Arthur Wallis, and Mrs. Gulielma Crosfield, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1885) of Colonel Arthur Bootle Wilbraham, V.D., D.L., J.P., formerly of Shotley Bridge, Durham, and late of Ravenside, Surbiton, who died on May 21, was proved on July 31 by Major Lionel Bootle Wilbraham, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £18,766. The testator gives his furniture and household effects, horses and carriages (except any that may be in Queensland), and £300 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Bootle Wilbraham. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood; in the event of her marrying again he bequeaths her an annuity of £100; and, subject thereto, for his children, and the issue of any child that may have died in his lifetime.

The will (dated May 12, 1888), with a codicil of the same date, and another dated Feb. 3, 1892, of Mr. William Silver Darter, of Somerleaze, Whitley, near Reading, who died on April 13, was proved on July 29 by Joseph Morris and Samuel Preston, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £18,530. The testator gives £100 and £6000 to his wife; a sum not exceeding £400 per annum to his daughter Clara Darter, and small legacies to executors, relatives, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves, as to one half, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Maria Silver Morris; and the other half, upon trust, for Edward Morris, the husband of the testator's deceased daughter Kate.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1888), with a codicil (dated April 25, 1893), of Major Frederick Augustus Cracroft-Amcotts, J.P., of Kettlethorpe, Lincolnshire, who died on April 15, was proved at the Lincoln District Registry on July 23, and probate thereof granted to Mrs. Emily Grace Cracroft-Amcotts, the widow, Edward Weston Cracroft, the brother, and Edward Walter Wilson, the executors, in respect of his property, other than that in the United States of America and Canada, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £2556.

The will of Lieutenant-Colonel Clare Sewell Salmon, of Grove Villas, Isleworth, who died on June 25, was proved on Aug. 2 by Mrs. Harriet Salmon, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £1994.

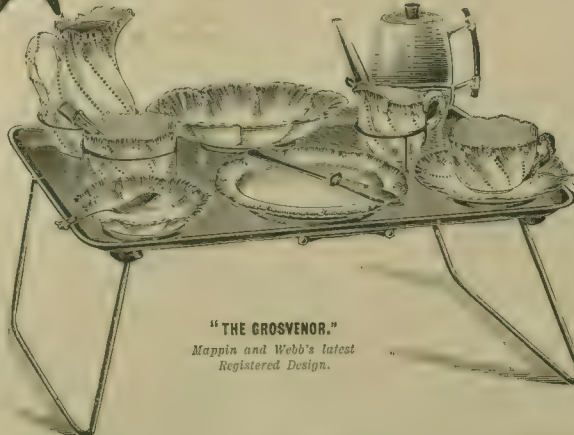
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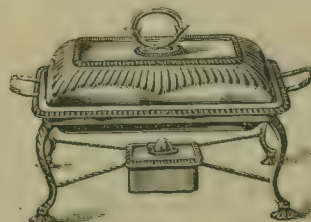
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## ANECDOTAL EUROPE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

During the three years I have had the honour of writing this column, I have been led to comment several times on the customs of the duello and on the practice of duelling in France, and each time I resolved that it should be the last. But every now and then a new feature presented itself, or, to be correct, there was a recurrence of a very old feature, and my good resolutions went by the board. It is because, anxious though I was not to break my voluntary pledge, I was still more anxious to remove from the reader's mind misconceptions on a subject which, to put it mildly, is more susceptible of being misconceived by the majority of Englishmen—the cleverest and best informed journalists included—than any French custom or habit I am acquainted with.

This is essentially the case at present. A series of duels is looming on the horizon, in which encounters there will be one and the same principal on one side and a succession of different adversaries on the other. I am alluding to the meetings that are being arranged between Prince Henri d'Orléans and various officers of the Italian Army. As I write, the news comes that the first meeting has already taken place, so the bloodless mode of adjusting the differences that had been suggested came to naught, as it was bound to do; for the suggestion could not commend itself to the son of the Duc de Chartres; seeing that such an amicable settlement would hurt him more severely morally than the most dangerous wounds, short of mortal ones, could hurt and harm him physically. France has never forgotten that the cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III., Prince Jérôme, declined to meet the

grand-uncle of Prince Henri—namely, the late Duc d'Aumale—and if the young Prince did not meet at least one of his challengers, he would be branded as a coward for all time, no matter what his friends who are acting for him might allege in support of their decision.

I am not advancing a personal opinion in this instance; I am simply conveying that of the overwhelming majority of Frenchmen, whether high or low born, whether civil or military, whether laymen or priests. It is a well-known fact that the Catholic Church punishes the duellist with major or minor excommunication, according to the enormity of the offence; yet this is what happened more than half a century ago, when duels were both more frequent and more fatal than they are nowadays. Nicolas Olivier, Bishop of Evreux, and Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, were conversing upon the law-aspects of duelling. All at once Olivier asked Affre, "But you, Monseigneur, what would you do if someone struck you a blow?" "Monsieur," was the answer, "I know well enough what I ought to do under the circumstances; but I do not know what I should do." And let it be remembered that Denis Affre was a blessed messenger of peace, if ever there was one, and that he lost his life in endeavouring to preach peace to the insurgents in June 1848. But he was a Frenchman, and his feelings with regard to his offended honour would have got the better of the dictates of Christian forgiveness.

I repeat, he was a Frenchman, and that makes the difference. To prove that Frenchmen feel and act differently, the following may serve: In the course of the conversation on that same evening, his Grace of Evreux cited the example of Monsignor de Mérode under similar difficulties. Frédéric Xavier de Mérode was the

descendant of an ancient Flemish family, and was from his very childhood intended for the priesthood, which career he finally embraced, but not before he had had a spell of soldiering. Not that he had any particular vocation for the military profession—at any rate, not in the beginning—but he felt practically compelled to don the uniform in order to prove his courage. One day while at the Seminary, he had a quarrel with a fellow student, who gave him a box on the ear. Too conscientious a Catholic to fight, his pride, nevertheless, forbade him to labour under the imputation of poltroonery, so he enlisted into a Belgian and subsequently into a foreign regiment, and was foremost in the fray. Monseigneur Affre listened very attentively to Olivier, then he said: "A French Colonel would have refused to receive Mérode into his regiment until he had challenged his assailant." Monseigneur Affre, or, to give him his real title, Monsieur Affre, Monseigneur de Paris, was right. Even at this moment, when two French privates have a more than usually serious quarrel, they are, by order of the Colonel of the regiment, compelled to fight it out.

People inexperienced in those matters will naturally ask how many Italian officers Prince Henri will have to face before "honour is satisfied." There is, fortunately, a precedent to guide all parties in the matter—namely, that of M. Henri de Pène, one of the most brilliant journalists of his time, whom I had the honour of numbering among my friends. Henri de Pène made some good-natured comments upon the behaviour of young officers in the refreshment rooms at an evening party. That was in 1851. It absolutely rained challenges, until in the third encounter the journalist was seriously wounded. Then the papers themselves cried, "Hold! enough."

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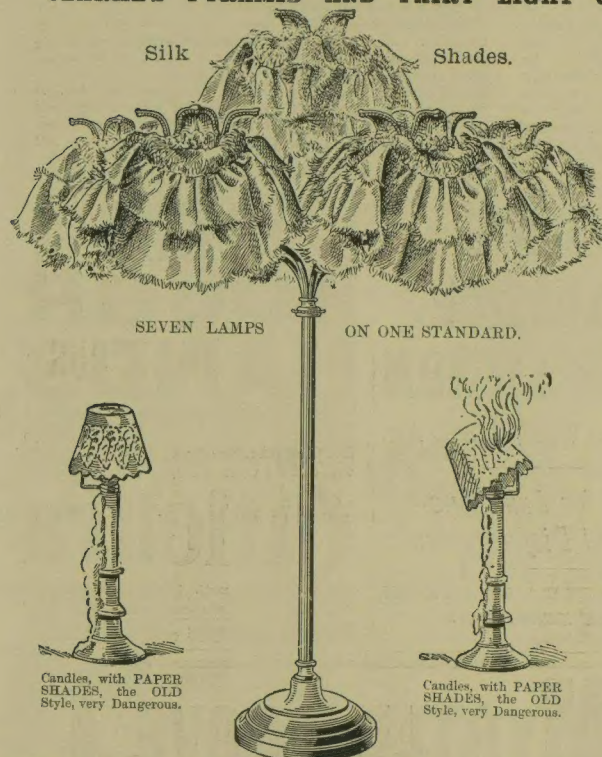






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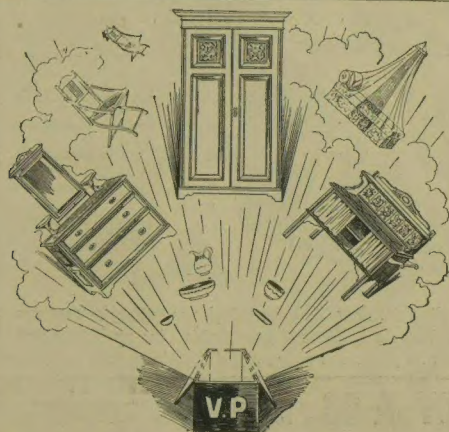
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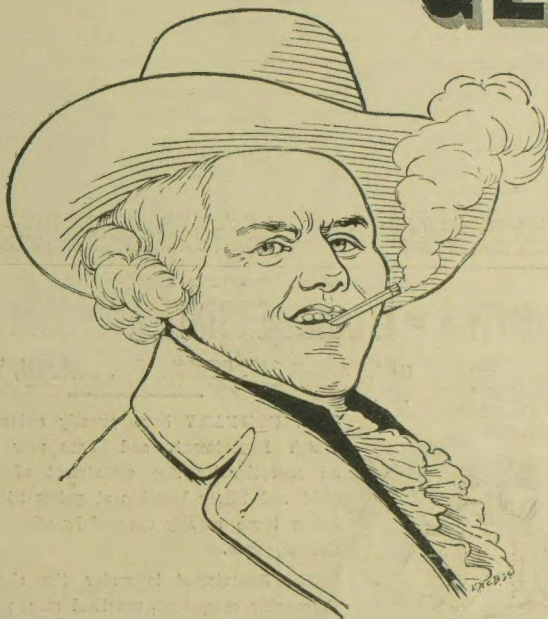
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

Most people have forgotten Don Carlos, but that royal adventurer professes to believe that affairs in Spain are ripening for the restoration of his house to the throne. He has a poor opinion of the murdered Canovas as a statesman, and he thinks the Spaniards will presently turn Carlist. There appears to be precious little warrant for this optimism. If the Spaniards are minded to try experiments with their Constitution, they are not likely to substitute one dynasty for another.

The idea that we must always conciliate the Sultan because he is a Moslem is rather quaint, seeing that at this moment we are actually making war on the Mahdi, who claims to be the only true light of the Moslem world. If the theory were sound that because we rule many

millions of Mohammedans in India we must always play the Mohammedan game, then we ought to conciliate the Mahdi instead of attacking him. The truth is that the danger of Moslem fanaticism is serious only when a Moslem potentate is allowed to baffle Europe, and that is the only reason why the Sultan is able to do us any damage.

There is a crusade against the sparrow. In France he has been formally condemned by the Government, and private citizens are empowered to shoot him at sight. As many French citizens do not know a sparrow from any other small bird, there will soon be a great outcry about the wanton destruction of birds that are really useful to the agriculturist. It is pleaded on the sparrow's behalf that he consumes a great many noxious insects, and

that he eats the farmer's grain only when his ordinary provender gives out. It is sensibly suggested that the aggrieved farmers should breed the sparrow-hawk, and so rely on the ordinary conflict of Nature, "red in tooth and claw." There is probably no more practical means of keeping the sparrow in check.

The telegraphists who threatened to strike against the Post Office wisely changed their minds, and peace is now restored. A strike would have caused great public inconvenience for a few days, but the Post Office would have eventually coped with the emergency, and the strikers would have found that their action was simply suicidal. A public department cannot be treated as if it were a private employer, and the Duke of Norfolk would have reorganised his staff and continued his policy.

## MARRIAGE.

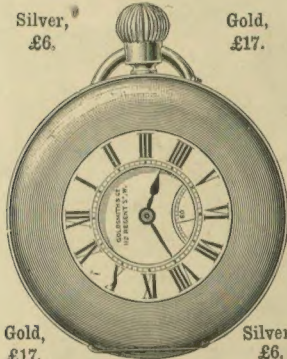
On Aug. 10, 1897, at St. James's Church, Dover, by the Rev. A. J. McCaul, M.A., Rector of St. Magnus's, London Bridge, the Rev. Dan Greville, B.D., late Vicar of St. Paul's (Duck Street), Whitechapel, to Margaret Caroline, the only daughter of the late Michael Doyle, Esq., of Dublin. No cards. American papers please copy.

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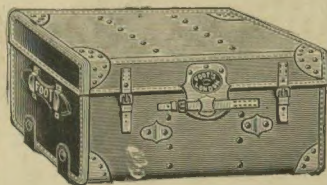
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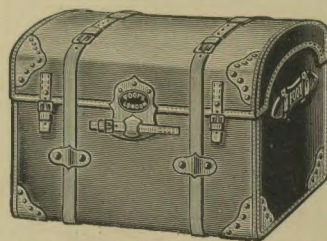
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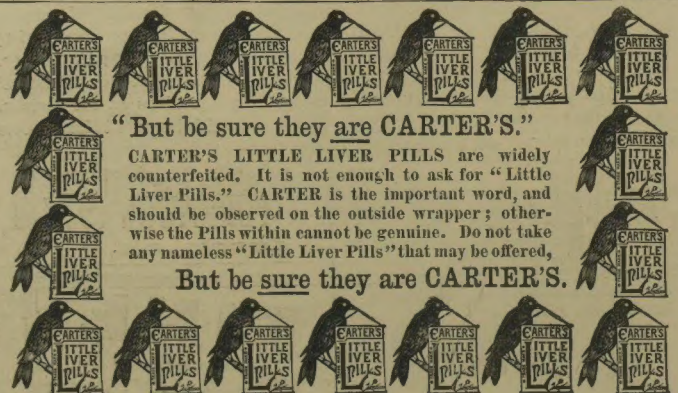
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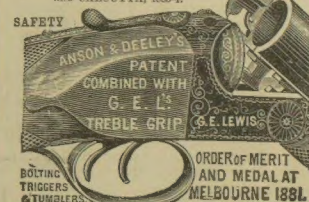
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